

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

TO SPRING.

GAY Spring may spread her mantle round,
And deck anew the smiling lands,
With blooming flow'rets clad the ground,
And scatter daisies from her hands.
Summer may charm with cloudless skies,
And dress the landscape rich and gay,
May bid the golden harvest rise,
Beneath the ripening beam of day.
Autumn, her mellow beauties bring,
And boast her world of sober charms,
On earth's green lap profusely fling
Her fruits, and court us to her arms.
Winter may boast his spotless white,
And hang with icicles around,
Strew his transparent gems in sight,
And deck with frozen dew the ground.
Still will the Season's beauties prove
Nought—to the charms of her I love.

TO AUTUMN.

HAIL! sober Autumn, lovely maid,
I love thy garb of russet hue,
I love to haunt thy leaf-strewn glade,
When deep imperial'd with morning dew.
What tho' thou boast no blooming rose,
No vivid green, no summer glare,
Thy calmness yields the mind repose,
And bid'st thy beauties blossom there.

TO WINTER.

COME, tyrant Winter, issue forth,
Clad in the horrors of the North,
Come and plant thy icy hand,
And rudely desolate our land.
Shake thy hoar and frozen locks,
O'er the barren broken rocks,
And if Ocean dare complain,
Bind him with an icy chain.
Bid thy bleak North East to blow,
Come on mountain clad with snow.
High amid the scowling storm,
Let me view thy frost clad form.
Hide yon mountain's haughty brows,
Bid them groan beneath thy snow,
Around be all thy terrors hurld,
And triumph o'er a conquer'd world.

THE MANSION OF REST.

I Talk'd to my fluttering heart,
And I chid its wild wandering ways;
I charged it from folly to part,
And to husband the best of its days;

I bade it no longer admire
The meteors that fancy had drest;
I whisper'd 'twas time to retire,
And seek for a mansion of rest.
A charmer was list'ning the while,
Who caught up the tone of my lay;
Oh! come then, she cried with a smile,
And I'll shew you the place and the way;
I followed the witch to her home,
And I vow'd to be always her guest;
"Never more," I exclaimed, will I roam
"In quest of a mansion of rest."
But the sweetest of moments will fly;
Not long was my fancy beguil'd,
For too soon I confess'd, with a sigh,
That the Syren deceived while she smil'd;
Deep, deep did she stab the repose
Of my trusting and innocent breast,
And the door of each avenue close
That led to the mansion of rest.
Then Friendship enticed me to stray
Thro' the long magic wilds of romance;
But I found that he meant to betray,
And I shrunk from the Sorcerer's glance;
For experience had taught me to know
That the soul which reclined on his breast
Might toss on the billows of woe,
But ne'er find a mansion of rest.
Pleasure's path I determined to try,
But Prudence I met on the way;
Conviction flash'd light from her eye,
And appear'd to illumine my day:
She cried, (as she shew'd me a grave,
With nettles and wild flowers drest,
O'er which the dark cypress did wave,)
"Behold there the mansion of rest."
She spoke and half vanished in air,
For she saw mild religion appear
With a smile that would banish despair,
And dry up the penitent tear:
Doubt and fear from my bosom were driven,
As, pressing the cross to her breast,
And pointing serenely to heaven,
She shewed the true mansion of rest.

ODE,

WRITTEN AT THE OPENING OF THE YEAR.

Lo! to his task the infant year
Comes forth; no boding frown severe
Scowls on his brow, with aspect mild,
He seems of dove-eye'd Peace the child!
No numbing wand his young limbs holds,
No hoary vest his corse infolds,

No angry blasts around him rave :—

The Spirit of the Storm sleeps in his icy cave.
A monster wakes, still fiercer far,
His dark brow trench'd with many a scar;
His voice, as loud as Ocean's roar,
His sable armours stain'd with gore;
Stern War! his fiery arm the plain
Crimsons with countless legions slain,
While round him Famine, dark Despair,
And the wild grisly forms of Lust and Rapine
glare.

Frantic each breathless corse he spurns,
His ardent eye with fury burns,
Scar'd by his lurid frowns, the choir
Of weeping Virtues sad retire;
Far from the battle's horrid yell,
In peace and solitude to dwell,
Where no lorn widow's piercing wail,
No shriek, no dying groan, hangs heavy on the
gale.

But, with firm gaze, the deathless Muse,
His whirlwind course indignant views;
Sees him, for conquest and for fame,
Spread wide the wildly-wasting flame;
With lasting infamy she brands
His laurels rent from ravag'd lands;
Then borne on seraph wings sublime,
She turns from fields of blood, and seeks a milder
clime.

How long, alas! must Nature mourn
Her fairest works by rapine torn,
And tremble as the clarion's breath
Excites her sons to deeds of death?
While, red, before her streaming eyes,
The flames from burning hamlets rise,
Where, lost her babes, the mother stands,
And calls on Heav'n for aid, and frenzied wrings
her hands.

When shall again, at dawning day,
Wak'd by the shrill lark's matin lay,
In safety o'er the furrow'd soil,
The peasant hasten to his toil;
And, at mild eve, his labour done,
Blithe carol to the setting sun;
Blest once more in his lowly cot,
To clasp his wife belov'd, each gloomy care for-
got?

Soon may ye dawn, auspicious hours!
Then bright-eye'd Pleasure, crown'd with
flow'rs,
Shall lead the dance in shady dell;
While feeble Age past woes shall tell,
And gain a sigh from Pity meek:
Then rosy Love, with dimpled cheek,
His light hair floating round his head,
Shall to the laughing gale his snowy banner
spread.

No. I. Vol. I.

TO THE
MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. DUFF.

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

To this sad grave no common grief invites,
No stale display of sanctimonious rites:
Domestic Virtues here, a drooping band,
Around the hallow'd spot despairing stand!
And here their lov'd departed Mistress mourn,
From the fond Youth of her affection torn;
Torn from gay Life's short scene, in morning's
bloom,

To feed the jaws of the relentless Tomb!
Ah! when she fell beneath Death's tyrant pow'r,
The polish'd world then lost its beauteous flow'r!
In whose blest frame were happily combined
The feeling bosom and the illumin'd mind!
A spirit finely touched by Nature's hand,
Prompt to perform when Virtue gave command:
Prompt on Affliction's wound to pour relief,
And bind the bleeding artery of Grief.
Friendship exclaim'd, while bursting tears ran
o'er,

"My prime, my steadfast fav'rite is no more!"
Affection, to the bosom still more dear,
Shrunk at th' event, and dropp'd her warmest
tear;
Religion rais'd her sacred hand on high,
And said, "See Innocence ascend the sky!"

ANACREONTIC.

ADDRESSED TO BELINDA.

SHUN the glass, Belinda cries,
Wine holds but a brief dominion;
And those half-animated eyes
Will steal no heart, in my opinion.
Shun the bottle's tempting sight,
And give to other joys the night.
What, Belinda, dost thou say?
Wine can in thy absence cheer me;
Would'st thou take the charm away
That brings thy beauteous image near me?
Wine, though distant thou may'st be,
Gives me, dearest maid! to thee.
When given 'mong convivial friends,
Toasts various as the crew assembled;
Though Delia from my tongue ascends,
Belinda on its accents trembled.
Whate'er my truant tongue decrees,
My heart, Belinda, drinks to thee.
Abuse not wine then, dearest maid,
The sad resource to which I'm driven;
Who drinks thy coolness to evade,
By thee sure ought to be forgiven.
Intoxicated though he be,
Less with the slander'd wine than thee.

— *Q. in the Corner.*

WOLVERHAMPTON,
Feb. 5, 1806.

M

**A LEARNED LADY,
VISITED IN HER STUDY BY OBERON, KING OF
THE FAIRIES.**

WHAT saw he there? no silken robes,
But quadrants, telescopes, and globes,
In learn'd confusion pil'd,
And pickled teads, and ponderous books,
And pot-hooks, diagrams, and crooks—
The Elfin monarch smil'd.

Bertha was in a reverie,
An open folio on her knee,
Her finger on her cheek;
"Ho, ho," quoth Oberon, "I vow
The mystery's unreval'd now—
The lady studies Greek."

The king advanc'd, and bowing said,
"Your eyes are bright, my charming maid,
But one seems somewhat bloody."

"Ah, sire," cried Bertha with a sigh,
"Who can preserve a cloudless eye,
And stick to midnight study?"

"Your fingers, too, would sure display
Their rosy lips more clear, if they
From sable stains were freed."

"Tis only ink, my lord, and know
I prize the glorious tints that shew
I write as well as read."

"Mistaken maid, the king replied,
Why shall the gloomy mists of pride
Extinguish beauty's beam?"

Ah why, why cause the female mind,
For every native sweet design'd,
With pedant's weeds to teem?"

PRAISE OF WAR.

ALL hail to War! the Warrior's hardy life
Exalts the vigour of the glowing mind,
The body strengthens midst the martial strife,
And forms to nobler acts and thoughts refin'd.

War has its good, from slumber's listless chain
It wakes the gallant youth, and points to fame;
Here—here's the palm, who struggles may obtain
The palm of Virtue dear—a deathless name.

War has its good, amidst its virtuous strife
All vulgar fancies vanish from the soul,
The art it teaches of contemning life,
And swells above the Passions' low controul.—

All hail to War! 'tis noble souls alone,
Who dauntless can the steps of glory tread;
All hail to War! that gives the immortal crown,
And yields a place among the noblest dead.

What image that, which, veil'd in clouds of
Heav'n,

A nation follows with applauding tears?
Tis thee! bright Nelson, to thy country giv'n,
The glorious stock of war such harvest bears!

All hail to War! it hurls just vengeance down
On the false foe, regardless of all laws:—
To arms! to arms! let's rush to gain the crown,
Or nobly fall in our lov'd country's cause.

THE BEECH-TREE'S PETITION.

O LEAVE this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree!
Though bush or flow'ret never grow
My dark unfruitful shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of Autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmur'ing tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot to me:
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree!

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wint'ry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless, solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bow'r
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carv'd many a long forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breath'd upon this sacred ground;
By all that Love hath whisper'd here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear;
As Love's own altar honour me,
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree!

A WINTER SONG.

Now Winter is come, with his cold chilling
breath,
And the verdure has dropp'd from the trees;
All nature seems touch'd with the finger of death,
And the streams are beginning to freeze.
When wanton young lads on the rivers can slide,
And Flora attends us no more;
When abundance awaits on your bright fire-side,
Forget not the wants of the Poor!
When the cold feather'd snow-drops in fleeces
descend,
And whiten the prospect around;
When the keen cutting wind from the North
does attend,
Hard incrustating over the ground;
When the hills and the dales are all candied with
white;
When the rivers congeal to the shore;
When the bright twinkling stars shall proclaim
a cold night,
Then remember the state of the Poor!

**When the poor timid hare may be traced to the
wood,
By her footsteps indented in snow ;
When the lips and the fingers are starting with
blood,
And the woodlands resound " Tally-ho !"
When the poor robin red-breast approaches the
cot,
And the icicles hang at the door ;
When your board smoaks with viands reviving
and hot,
'Tis the time to remember the Poor !**

**When a thaw shall ensue, and the waters increase,
And in danger the travellers go ;
When the fish from their prison obtain a release,
And the rivers their banks overflow ;
When the meadows are hid with the proud
swelling flood,
And the bridges are useful no more ;
When in health you enjoy every thing that is
good,
Forget not to think of the Poor :**

POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

STANZAS ON THE MOON.

NIGHT'S silver lamp ascends the skies,
By myriad splendid stars impearl'd,
And bids her midnight beauties rise,
To light and charm a weary'd world.
You mould'ring turret's time-worn form
Her soft and trembling beams illumine;
She smiles amidst the coming storm,
And brightens from surrounding gloom.

Now the fleet footed fairies lave
Their spotless limbs in pearly dew,
Or sit beside the lucid wave,
Or deck the scene that Spencer drew.

On some gray flow'ret's emerald stem
Perchance their magic feet alight,
Whose silv'ry sandals bear a gem
Dropt from the starry sphere of night;

Or sprightly o'er the spiral grass
With giddily, graceful ease they glide;
A dew drop is their looking-glass,
Their mirror is the sleeping tide.

When morning opes her cloudless eye,
The fairies seek their mossy cell;
There in soft smiling slumbers lie,
Till waken'd by the ev'ning bell.

Kingsland.

J. M.

WHAT IS LOVE?

WHAT is love?—'Tis pleasure, pain;
One time 'tis loss, another gain;
It breeds the soft impassion'd sigh,
And bids the tear suffuse the eye;
Yet oft a smile it makes us prove—
This, youthful poets, this is love.

It bids us oft avert the eye,
When her we hold most dear is nigh;
It makes the eloquent grow mute,
Who fain would pay a lover's suit;
Yet bids the tongue of silence move—
All these are surest signs of love.

It makes stern valour crouch its slave,
Degrades the proud, unnerves the brave;
Ev'n the bright seasons seem to change,
Beneath love's soft and fostering range;
And winter, as we gaily rove,
Changes to summer, touch'd by love.

J. M. L.

ON THE ILLNESS AND RECOVERY OF
MISS A—TT.

Yes, thro' the veil of pale disease,
Those charms have still the pow'r to please;
Charms which the purest lilies show,
Or snow drops op'ning into blow;
Charms which the fairest form portrays,
Or budding jessamine displays;
Whose hectic blushes not in vain
Reflected loveliness on pain.

Thus when hoar winter's frozen hand
Spreads o'er Helvetius' dreary land,
Alps' tow'ring heads with gloom invests,
And swells with snow its mountain breasts,
The sick'ning sun with languid ray
Gleams through the misty cloud of day;
But when from off the face of heav'n
The gelid northern breeze has driv'n
Dank fogs, whence noxious vapours rise,
To taint the lustre of the skies,
The golden orb refulgent breaks,
With radiance new the mountain streaks,
When sparkling gems reflecting light,
Unnumber'd dance upon the sight;
While as returns the vernal gale,
Waving fresh beauties o'er the vale,
Nature, in lovelier colours drest,
Smiles o'er the earth supremely blest!

Of thee the winds enamour'd grew,
And kiss'd the blossom as it blew;
Then sipping off the dew of health,
Strove to destroy its beauteous wealth;
Thus rudely daring to invade

A form they vainly sought to fade;
'Twas then I saw thee as a flow'r,
Which drooping still retains its pow'r.

When o'er her frame Hygeia's breath
Its balm diffus'd, the dart of death,
Doubly envenom'd, she defied,
Tho' wounded, still no beauty died;
As glowing tints the morn disclose,
So the new Helen blushing rose;
As flow'rs which shed increas'd perfume,
When dew drops glisten on their bloom.

Welcome the gale Hygeia blew,
Which brought returning charms to view!
Ah! far more welcome than the breeze,
Which drives yon vessel o'er the seas;
Or wafting thousands to the shore,
Who never thought to reach it more.

Then oh! how well did she conceal
The pain less beauties would reveal!

How well the contest she sustain'd !
 How great the victory obtain'd !
 While from the radiance of her eyes
 New lightnings flash, new dangers rise.
 Beware, for oh ! their potent charm,
 Where'er they glance they must disarm.

But when, alas ! life's spirits die,
 And souls to realms ethereal fly,
 From the unfathomable deep,
 And awful death's sepulchral sleep ;
 Those too, on heavenly wings from earth,
 Shall mount to renovated birth,
 And bloom again in youthful pride,
 " Where angels live, who mortals died !"

Surrey Street.

R. C.

LA LUNE D'UNE VIELLE.

WRITTEN IN BUSHY PARK, AUGUST, 1805 :

*Occasioned by hearing a Lady say she loved to look
 at the Moon, though it made her melancholy.*

If thus pensive, my Cynthia, thy image I see,
 If thy orb to the memory brings
 The dear pleasures of youth—lost for ever to me
 On the fugitive Time's rapid wings.

Yet devoutly I court thy return to the skies,
 With the dawn of thy infantine light ;
 Still I greet the faint beams which with languor
 arise,
 As if shy to encounter the night.

Still I trace, with pure homage of wonder and love,
 The progressive advance of thy ray ;
 Still adoring I view the bright circle improve,
 Till in splendor it rivals the day.

When again to depart I behold thee prepare,
 Sympathetic I mourn thy decline ;
 Some resemblance remote to each other we bear,
 For *thy changes* are emblems of *mine*.

Then forgive, if while thus I contemplate thy
 sight,
 And thus musing I mournfully gaze ;
 If my worship's profane of the Heav'n-born
 light,
 By the tear that I blend with its praise.

For to me how *revers'd* is the beam of that sphere,
 As it glides o'er the desolate ground ;
 What a paleness it sheds on the face of the deer !
 Like a spectre he wanders around.

With a timid suspicion I shrink from thy lamp,
 Noxious vapours impregnate the air ;
 On the dew frozen lawn I behold the chill damp,
 And joy sinks on the bosom of care.

Yet, perchance a fond dream of enchantment I
 find,

As *reflection* exhibits her glass ;
 Here the scenes that are vanish'd pass over the
 mind,
 As thy shadows fleet over the grass.

With endearment the visions of time I renew,
 Their past claims on my heart I replace ;
 To the mould'ring tomb the lost friend I pursue,
 And the phantom with transport embrace.

I review the fair days of my juvenile pride,
 When the moments with gaiety smil'd ;
 When a feather of pleasure the present supply'd,
 And the future of thought was beguil'd.

In refulgence full orb'd my bright Cynthia then
 rose,

Ruling star of the *dance* or the *song* ;
 Then—impatient I waited the day's tardy close,
 And her presence to lead the gay throng.

With a lustre divine she embellish'd this grove,
 And these bushes in splendor array'd ;
 It might seem that the *goddess* commanded by
 Jove,
 For *Endymion* had silver'd the shade.

But where now is the moon that so brilliantly
 shone ?

Lost—in treasure of *Time's* rifted store ;
 Where the colours from *life's* painted canvass
 are flown,
 When *Hope* dresses the picture no more.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

ANACREON, ODE XLVI.

Love's a pain that works our woe ;
 Not to love is painful too :
 But, alas ! the greatest pain
 Waits the love that meets disdain.

What avails ingenuous worth,
 Sprightly wit, or noble birth ?
 All these virtues useless prove ;
 Gold alone engages love.

May he be completely curst
 Who the sleeping mischief first
 Wak'd to life, and, vile before,
 Stamp'd with worth the sordid ore.

Gold creates 'mong brethren strife ;
 Gold destroys the parent's life ;
 Gold produces civil jars,
 Murders, massacres, and wars ;
 But the worst effect of gold,
 Love, alas ! is bought and sold.

Lines Addressed to MRS. T. W.
VAUGHAN*,

ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE HARP.

SURE 'tis a voice divine that wakes yon strings,
And calls the power of music from her cell,
Bids her unlock her most melodious springs,
And make each tone with choicest sweetness
swell!

Hark! in yon distant note what softness dwells!
Attention, breathless, sits to catch the sound,
While fancy's hand unbinds her secret spells,
And all her airy visions float around.

Come, ye whose breasts the tyrant sorrows own,
Around this breathing harp obedient throng;
Here all your woes shall meet an answering tone,
And hear the plaint that does to each belong.

Solemn and slow yon murr'ring cadence rolls,
Till on th' attentive ear it dies away,
To your fond griefs responsive, ye, whose souls
O'er friends just lost affection's tribute pay.

But hark! in regular progression move
Yon silver sounds, and mingle as they fall;
Do they not wake thy trembling nerves, oh love!
And into warmer life thy feelings call?

Again it sounds, but shrill and swift the tones
In wild disorder strike upon the ear;
Pale frenzy listens, kindred wildness owns,
And starts appall'd, the well-known sounds to hear:

But e'en the gay, the giddy, and the vain,
In mute delight the vocal wires attend;
Silent, they catch the ever varying strain,
And, pleas'd, the vacant toils of mirth suspend.

So when the lute, on Memnon's† statue hung,
At day's first rising strains melodious pour'd,
Untouch'd by mortal hands, the gathering throng
In silent wonder listen'd, and ador'd.

But ah! most welcome to soft fancy's ear,
Is the wild cadence of these tremb'ling strings;
At the sweet sound she calls her spirits near,
And waves in silent joy her painted wings.

Sometimes she whispers that the melting strains
Spring from th' angelic choir in bright array,
Bearing on radiant clouds to yon blue plains
A soul just parted from its mould'ring clay!

And oft at eve her bright creative eye
Sees to the wind their silken pinions stream,
While on the quiv'ring trees soft breezes sigh,
And thro' the leaves disclose the moon's pale
beam.

* Only daughter to the celebrated and beautiful Mrs. Musters, of Grosvenor Place.

† See Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.

Oh breathing instrument! be ever near,
When to the pensive Muse my vows I pay;
Thou inspiration on thy wires canst bear,
And bid each feeling own her potent sway.

Then oft from busy crowds o'erjoy'd I'll steal,
To where my hand has rais'd thy tuneful shrine,
There from thy varying tones I'll learn to feel,
And, sweet inspirer, ask no aid but *thine*?

L—th R—d.

T. V—GH—N, Sen.

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

AT thy approach, enchanting spring,
The meadows laugh, the valleys sing,
And Nature all looks gay:
The sun shines out with friendly beams,
And dancing in the crystal streams,
Adds beauty to the day.

How sweet with a dear friend to rove,
Where linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or blackbirds sweetly sing;
The mellow bull-finch, and the thrush,
The concert join from every bush,
To welcome in the Spring.

Or on some verdant bank reclin'd,
Where falling objects soothe the mind,
Or lull to soft repose;
Our thoughts on rural subjects bent,
Enjoy a calm, a sweet content,
That grandeur seldom knows.

Woods, hills, and plains, own Nature's King,
Who rules the seasons, decks the Spring,
With power and skill divine:
The lowing herds their Maker praise,
And songsters, in harmonious lays,
The grateful tribute join.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

'Tis past!—gay Flora crowns the laughingsphere;
No more the plains in wintry sadness mourn;
But when for me shall bloom the youthful year,
Or when the dreams of infant life return?

Full soon, alas! the soft illusion fades,
That oft young fancy's heedless morn beguiles,
When the dear hope of lasting bliss pervades
Her fairy warblings and her syren smiles.

O life! what pangs the feeling soul must bear,
That lone and hopeless treads thy toilsome way;
But virtue's hand dispels each baneful care,
And points, exulting, to the blissful day.
The day that, destin'd to a softer shore,
Shall prove thy sorrows and thy woes no more.

TO A LADY,

*On hearing her sing, "O had I Jubal's Lyre, &c."
and accompany it on the Piano Forte.*

JUBAL, the pride of Judah's race,
Inventor of the lyre,
And Miriam's tuneful voice conjoin'd,
Could Israel's sons inspire.

But O! had Jubal heard thy lips
Breathe for that lyre a pray'r,
His saintly finger'd chords would prove
That greater skill was there:

Miriam would own superior strains
Than Israel's daughter sung;
Confess thy sweeter art, and hang
Enraptur'd on thy tongue.

O may those soft melodious pow'rs,
To thee so largely given,
Be tun'd, when here they cease to charm,
To loftier songs in heaven!

F. L. H.

ODE.

Oh! far remov'd from my retreat
Be av'rice and ambition's feet!
Give me, unconscious of their pow'r,
To taste the peaceful, social hour!
Give me, beneath the branching vine,
The woodbine sweet, or eglantine,
While ev'ning sheds his balmy dew,
To court the chaste inspiring Muse!
Or, with the partner of my soul,
To mix the heart expanding bowl.
Yes, dear Sabina! when, with thee,
I hail the goddess Liberty;
When joyous through the leafy grove,
Or o'er the flow'ry meads we rove;
While thy tender bosom shares
Thy faithful Delia's joys and cares,
Nor pomp nor wealth my wishes move,
Nor the more soft deceiver, Love.

F. H.

POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

EDRIC AND BERTHA.

YOUNG Edric liv'd in days of old ;
To war the gallant youth was bred ;
None in the fight were found more bold,
None milder when the foe had fled.
Love, too, within his breast found place,
Fair Bertha own'd a mutual flame ;
War call'd him from her fond embrace,
To search for death, or glorious fame.

A distant country Edric sought ;
Bertha remained, a prey to woe ;
Bravely the youthful warrior fought,
And dealt destruction on the foe.
But Fate decreed ! and Edric fell !
His nation's glory, and its pride !
When Bertha heard—sad tale to tell,
She nam'd her Edric, drooped ! and died !

J. M. L.

A FIELD FLOWER.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM ON CHRIST-
MAS-DAY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.
The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.
But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreaths the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.
It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms;
Ligh's pale October on its way,
And twines December's arms.
The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.
But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.
Within the garden's cultur'd round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed:
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.
The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.
'Tis Flora's page:—In every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.
On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign,
The daisy never dies.

CUPID AWAKENED.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE FRENCH OF LA MOTTE.

As through a cool sequest' red wild,
The other day I careless stray'd,
I saw, by chance, a blooming child,
Asleep beneath a woodbine shade.
'Twas Cupid's self—for soon I knew,
The urchin, by his pleasing air,
His vermeil lips, and rosy hue,
And golden ringlets of his hair.

With cautious steps approaching near,
I well observed his lovely charms;
Examin'd too, without a fear,
His unstrung bow, and barbed arms.
"Ah me!" I to myself then cry'd,
"Can grace like this such care create?
"Is this the boy I have defy'd,
"Who sways with unrelenting hate?
"Sure under these soft dimpled smiles
"Deception foul can never dwell?
"Nor can this face with artful wiles,
"The bosom's throbbing pulses swell?"
Thus musing in deep eager thought,
A sigh escap'd my anxious breast,
The god awoke—I pardon sought,
But stern revenge his soul possess'd.
Forth then his odour'd wings he spread,
And from his quiver took a dart;
Twang went the bow—the weapon fled,
All forceful through my trembling heart.
"Go now," he cried, "to Rosa go,
"And pity at her feet implore;
"There sigh thy smart and secret woe,
"And all thy troubles number o'er.
"For captive thou to her shalt be,
"Bound fast by this bandeau of mine,
"And since thou'st dar'd to waken me,
"Keen love shall sway that breast of thine."

Liverpool, April 6. J. BOWDON.

ADDRESS TO A ROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MONS.
BERNARD.

SWEET Rose! thou empress of gay Flora's bow'r,
Sprung from the tears by fair Aurora shed;
Haste! and expand thy dewy dripping flow'r,
As near the zephyrs their soft pinions spread.
Yet stay! for I, unthoughtful, bade thee bloom,
To greet the prying of the curious eye;
For ah, lov'd flow'r! too hapless is thy doom,
Since one short hour must see thee fade and die.
Of this, Themira should the emblem see,
And thence be taught to scan thy early date;
Since all her charms must fade alike to thee,
Like thee submit to death's relentless hate.
Come, then! descend from off thy parent stem,
And to the maid add each enchanting grace;
As in the parterre thou dost shine a gem,
So happy should be thy exalted place.
On the fair precincts of her snowy breast,
Fix then thy empire, and sepulchral shrine;
Whilst I, by ev'ry envious thought oppress'd,
Wish o'er and o'er the blissful lot were mine.

There, if thy buds should drooping fade and die,
And thou regret'st thy peaceful reign is o'er;
Sure, if the maid can breathe one pitying sigh,
Such sigh, perhaps, may ev'ry tint restore.

And should she shed on thee a sorrow'd tear,
Or sad repine that thy gay prime is flown;
O! whisper softly in her virgin ear,
The manner how she should employ her own.

And if some rival's hateful hands intrude,
Or dares to soil the place thou dost adorn;
Resent for me in scorn, the action rude,
And prove thy vengeance from the pointed thorn
Liverpool, April, 1806. J. BOWDON.

STANZA.

Now recedes the waning moon,
Cheq'ring o'er the trembling grove,
Night's serene and starry noon
Decks the cot of her I love.

Now each flow'rets emerald stem
Bonds beneath the tears of Night,
Now each blossom boasts a gem
Shedding soften'd rays of light.

Illumin'd now the mould'ring tow'r,
The distant spire, the trophied tomb,
The wat'ry glade, the woodbine bow'r,
And foliaged forests deepest gloom.

With "lips of glue" now Silence reigns,
See Night in silver mantle drest,
In peerless splendor walk the plains,
While list'ning Echo sinks to rest.

ON THE
HARP AND DESPAIR OF COWPER.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

I.

SWEET Bard, whose tones great Milton might
approve,

And Shakspeare, from high fancy's sphere,
Turning to the sound his ear,
Bend down a look of sympathy and love;
O swell the lyre again,
As in full accord it poured an angel's train!
But ah! what means that look aghast,
E'en while it seemed, in holy trance,
On scenes of bliss above to glance?
Was it a Fiend of Darkness pass'd!

Oh speak—

Paleness is upon his cheek,—
On his brow the big drops stand,
To airy vacancy
Points the dread silence of his eye,
And the lov'd lyre it falls, falls from his nerveless
hand!

II.

"Come peace of mind, delightful guest,
"O come and make thy downy nest
"Once more on his sad heart;"

Meek Faith, a drop of comfort shed;
Sweat Hope, support his aged head;

And Charity, avert the burning dart!
Fruitless the prayer—the night of deeper woes
Seems o'er the head, e'en now to close;
In vain the path of purity he trod,
In vain, in vain.
He pour'd from fancy's sholl his sweetest hermit
strain,
He has no hope on earth, forsake him not, O God.

LINES

Addressed by a Gentleman to his Wife, on the anniversary of their Wedding-day, when he presented her with a Ring.

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed;"
So sixteen years ago I said,
Behold another ring!—for what?
"To wed thee o'er again, why not?"
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth,
Taste long admired, sense long rever'd!
And all my Mary then appear'd.
If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that doubled merit now
To justify a double vow.

H.

LINES PLACED OVER A SIDEBOARD.

LET social mirth with gentle manners join,
Unstunn'd by laughter, uninflam'd by wine;
Let reason, unimpair'd, exert its powers,
But let gay fancy strew the way with flowers.
Far hence the wag's and witling's scurile jest,
Whose noise and nonsense shock the decent guest:
True wit and humour such mean helps decline,
Nor will the Graces owe their charms to wine.
Fools fly to drink, in native dulness sunk:
In vain—they're ten times greater fools when
drunk!

Thus free from riot, innocently gay,
We'll neither wish nor fear our final day.

MUTUAL LOVE.

"When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life;
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife."

"One mutual flame inspires our bliss :
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Ev'n years have not destroyed ;
Some sweet sensation ever new
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
That love can n'er be cloy'd.

"Have I a wish ? 'tis all for thee ;
Hast thou a wish ? 'tis all for me :
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

"If cares arise (and cares will come),
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I lull me there to rest ;
And is there ought disturbs my fair ?
I bid her sigh out all her care,
And lose it on my breast."

TO THE CROW THAT FLIES HOME AT NIGHT.

SAY, weary bird, whose level flight,
Thus at the dusky hour of night,
Waves thro' the midway air ;
Why thus, beyond the verge of day,
Is lengthened out thy dark delay,
Adding another to the hours of care ?
The wren, within her mossy nest,
Has hush'd her little brood to rest ;
The wild wood-pigeon, rock'd on high,
Has coo'd his last soft notes of love,
And fondly nestles by his dove,
To guard her downy young from the inclem-
ent sky.

Each twitt'ring bill, each busy wing,
That flits at morning's humid spring,
At rest—or sleepless kept too late
By Philomel's enchanting lay,
Who now, asham'd to sing by day,
Thrills the sweet sorrows of her fate.
Haste bird, and nurse thy callow brood,
That wait thy slow return for food.
On some bleak cliff's neglected tree :
Haste, weary bird, thy lagging flight,
This is the chilly hour of night,
Fit hour for rest and thee.

H.

THE CARNATION.

FAIR flower ! by Doris lov'd, shall I presume
With savage grasp thy silken form to spoil,
To waste with lavish hand thy rich perfume,
Thy crimson streaked leaves in dust to soil ?
No,—she shall place thee in her snowy breast ;
Thence thy delicious odours shall arise,
As incense, when, with Love's warm hopes
impress'd,
To the fair Paphian Queen we sacrifice.

'Tis thine, sweet flower ! her coral lips to kiss,
And thence thy bright vermilion tints to steal ;
Would I, like thee, might taste the balmy bliss,
And thus my vows of tend'rest passion seal !

Like thee, beneath the sunshine of her eye,
To live and thrive where joy beyond compare,
What earthly pleasure could I prize so high ?
Or what the raptures that I found not there !

TO MUSIC.

RAPT are my captive senses when thy notes,
Delicious music ! in soft, airy sounds,
Borne on the dusky wing of pensive eve
By sighing gales, arrest the list'ning ear ;
Or when the wand'ring moon with silent pace,
Mounts her blue throne, and with her gentle
beam

That richly gilds the dew besprinkled earth,
Pierces with shadowy light the tangled grove ;
'Tis then thy sounds, O music ! heavenly maid !
Drown all my cares, my heart corroding griefs,
Or swell my senses to excess of joy.
Hark ! that soft note borne on the rising breeze,
In pleasing murmurs dies away. Again !
Coy Echo catches the mellifluous sounds,
And deep within her cool, o'er arched cell,
Reverberates the song in lengthened tones.
Oft may I thus, abstracted from the world,
Retire to woo thy charms, or with thee tread
The dewy path of morn, inhaling fragrance
From the awak'ning flowers, that half unclose,
Their pendent heads, enriched with sparkling
gems.

Nor should I lonely trace my devious way ;
The artless choristers that wake the morn,
Should join their lays symphonious to my song,
And strain their little throats attun'd by love.

Sweet maid ! the joys wherewith thou wrap'st
my soul.

As far transcend the boasted charms of mirth
And midnight revels, as the summer's day,
Nurs'd by cool breezes and refresh'd by showers,
Excels old winter, who in hoary vest
Drives clouds and storms along the sable plain.

Faint are my falt'ring numbers to express
The entrancing dreams that captivate my sense,
When from the voice of the dear maid I love
Thy mellow'd notes pervade my inmost soul.
As some lone traveller, who, the live long day,
Toils in the sandy waste, or fainting climbs
The lofty mountain, and in distance views
Gay smiling fields, and turrets tipt with gold ;
His thankful heart exults, refresh'd he breathes
The purer air of heaven, and pursues
With double vigour his meand'ring way,
Thus does my ear inhale the blissful sounds,
And my full soul beats with redoubled joy.

E. C.

POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

A LOVING EPISTLE,

*To his Grace the Duke of Queensbury, from his
Arm Chair, in Piccadilly.*

ALL London knows, my Lord, I've stood
Your waiting gentleman in wood,
For many a stormy year together,
Braving all sorts of wind and weather.
Some of your livery train may bridle,
Toss up their heads, and call me idle;
The varlets, with their powdered pate,
Think themselves greater than the great;
Yet, what not one of them can say,
I've served your honour without pay!
What though I never stir a peg,
What though I stand on wooden leg,
Pray which of them have been so steady,
So quiet, willing, or so ready?
More faithful than that favoured croney,
Your Grace's confidential poney,
For though that dear, lov'd hobby paces
And shews you all the pretty faces,

Goes deftly through your morning tours,
I claim your Lordship's softer hours,
Your tender secrets he'll ne'er tell,
But I can keep them quite as well;
And the town says, you look more snug
Upon my cushion than his rug.
Safe in my arms you wake or doze,
Halfshut the eyes, or quite repose;
And thus enjoy the morning air
Without once moving from your chair.
My Lord, confess your *vis-a-vis*
Is less a friend to you than me;
I, like King Richard at his glass,
Shew you "the shadows as they pass;"
Shadows of fashion, horse and foot,
Whether in buskin, shoe, or boot;
Slattern Minervas in the rough,
And dainty Venusses in buff,
And maiden Marses on a charger,
Stuff'd, and swell'd out, to look the larger;
Though still, in hero size, more scant,
Than mice astride an elephant.

In short, there's nothing moves by day,
 From eastward grave, to westward gay,
 Of phantoms old, or phantoms new,
 But comes through me within your view ;
 The dashing damsels of the chace,
 Dames more demure with mincing pace,
 Loungers who saunter, sparks who trip,
 And the grand masters of the whip ;
 Charioteer—Lords, who perch'd on high
 Seem upon winged wheels to fly,
 Who whirl more fierce, and look more bold
 Than the proud Phaetons of old,
 And who sometimes, their pride to humble,
 Get for their pains a cursed tumble ;
 And yet, with all their mighty crack,
 Much abler coachmen drive a hack !
 Then come the swarms so sleek and silly,
 Bound to the parks through Piccadilly.

Such quizzes, and a thousand more,
 Exhibit at your Grace's door,
 And though I ne'er enjoy the sport,
 Am still so firmly your support,
 That not a Peer is serv'd so true,
 As is his Noble Grace of Q.

Thus far, my Lord, in merry vein,
 Permit me now to change the strain.
 Hear then your faithful servant's prayer,
 Long may I prove—an easy chair ;
 When active pleasures are no more,
 And life's gay rhapsodies are o'er,
 When all its prospects fade away,
 And quench'd in night the visual ray,
 Then good, my Lord, when you, like me,
 Can neither feel, nor hear, nor see,
 When the mind's eye alone has sight,
 May that shew prospects which delight !
 And if—for mind is still sincere—
 She heaves the sigh, and starts the tear,
 O may that tear, my Lord, that sigh,
 Find their acceptance in the sky ;
 At length, to crown your servant's prayer,
 Still may I prove—an easy chair.

THE FEATS OF HELEN,

A NEW SONG.

Tune, " *I am a jolly gay Pedlar,*" &c.

At present each boarding-school belle,
 Of her beaux and her conquests is telling,
 But none of 'em cut such a swell
 As the Lacedæmonian Helen :
 Some account of her birth I will render,
 Which seems a most whimsical hatch ;
 For her mother, though married to Tyndar,
 Could never approve of the match.

Tol de rol, &c.

Old Jove, in the shape of a swan, [prowl],
 Would sometimes in their neighbourhood
 Till the husband of Leda began
 To suspect that her play must be foul.
 So, conceiving his honour abused,
 In a tone of correction he spoke :
 But the dame, though her egg was produced,
 Said she never was fond of the yoke.

Little Helen crept out of the egg,
 But scarcely ten years had gone by,
 When Theseus, beginning to beg,
 Decoyed the young chicken to fly ;
 When King Tyndarus heard the disaster,
 His Majesty crackled like Ætna,
 So out he sent Pollux and Castor,
 Who caught her a furlong from Gretna.

Soon after, from different lands,
 She had suitors to fight for her favour,
 But wheedled 'em all to shake hands,
 And allow Menelaus to have her :
 " And if," said the chiefs of the host,
 " You should ever be put to a shift,
 " You may drop us a line by the post,
 " And we'll all of us lend you a lift."

Menelaus was happy to win her,
 But she got a cure for her passion,
 By scraping acquaintance at dinner,
 With Paris, a Trojan of fashion ;
 This chap was a stylish young dog,
 The most jessamy fellow in life,
 For he drank Menelaus's grog,
 And then, damme, made off with his wife !

The suitors were sent for, who swore
 They would punish this trumpery boy,
 So Achilles, and two or three more,
 Undertook the destruction of Troy ;
 But Achilles grew stubborn as steel,
 And prevented their moving a peg,
 Till Paris had shot through his heel,
 And he found himself laid by the leg,
 At last they demolish'd the city,
 And then, as the poets have told,
 Lady Helen might still be call'd pretty,
 Though very near sixty years old,
 Menelaus, when Madam was found,
 Took her quietly home in his chaise,
 So Troy being burned to the ground,
 My story goes off with a blaze.

And a tol de rol, &c.

HORATIUS.

A WISH

FOR THE RECOVERY OF MISS S. M.

Oh ! fiend of pain, withdraw thy fang
 From Virtue's anguished form ;
 Nor let that breast contain thy pang,
 To life's best feelings warm.

'Tis hard to see the heavy eye,
To hear the languid voice;
Unable still to soothe the sigh,
Or bid the mind rejoice.

Come, then, Hygiza! goddess fair!
Restore the maid we love;
Shed o'er her form thy blessings rare,
Again each bliss to prove.

Oh! grant the wish, ye gracious pow'rs,
These humble lines convey,
Give health to cheer her pensive hours,
And joy's unclouded day.

J. M. L.

PRENEZ GARDE MA CHERE.

*Written extempore by a Gentleman, as he sat by
a Lady Drawing on Velvet (a Pupil of Mrs.
Noel's.)*

WHEN female worth and beauty join'd,
Attempts some new and pleasing care,
Some art t' embellish more her mind,
We smiling say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

Go on, fair maid, the task begun,
Bid velvet blushing roses bear,
The lily op'ning to the sun,
Still let me say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

Those num'rous charms which you display,
So various, vast, without compare,
Sedate, yet lively, good and gay,
O let me say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

Your charms too powerful to withstand,
Bids every youth confess you fair,
Your worth adore, and court your hand,
I sighing say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

Pale envy lurks beneath my smiles,
Since t' aspire I cannot dare,
Yet oh, my friend—of lover's wiles,
Still let me say, *prenez garde ma chere.*

INVOCATION TO HOPE.

BY THE HON. CASSANDRA GRAVES.

HAIL, pleasing Hope, of aspect mild,
Misery's gem, and fancy's child!
On eagle's wings, triumphant borne,
Thou fly'st to ease the lover's moan.

To raise the head of pale distress,
And bid her feel her sorrows less,
And when destruction seems most near,
With angel softness lov'st t' appear.

Thou lov'st to cheer the woe-worn mind,
Misfortune's bleeding wounds to bind,
To free the mind from anxious care,
And ake for brighter scenes prepare.

TO MISS C—— A——.

On her inestimable Present of a Silk Net Purse.

IMPROMPTU.

Oh! how ingenious is the subtle art,
To form a net in which such charms unite,
Whose magic spell can captivate the heart,
In one eternal bondage of delight!

Each woven silk a thousand times I kiss,
A thousand times I'm warm'd with rapture's
glow,
A thousand times it constitutes my bliss,
And bids me feel the gratitude I owe.

And as I contemplate the beauteous prize,
As oft I think the varied work divine,
Yet would its beauties ne'er enchant my eyes,
Had they been wrought by any hand but thine!

R. C.

TO ELIZA.

*Parody on Stanzas "On the approach of Spring,"
in La Belle Assemblée for March 1806.*

ELIZA come, and with thee bring
Thy lively looks of love and spring,
Thy bloom of youthful May,
Thy heav'n-blue eyes where beauty beams,
Or Pity's pearly tribute streams,
Emitting Friendship's ray.

How sweet with thee, fair maid, to rove,
Along the flow'r-strewn path of love,
Where feather'd chor'sters sing;
And gather from the bloom-hung bush
The wild-rose deck'd with nature's blush,
Pearl'd with the tear of Spring.

Or on the moss-wave sod reclin'd,
Thy converse sweet can sooth my mind,
And lull to soft repose;
Thy thoughts on virtue ever bent,
Can yield my grief-fraught mind content,
And calm my bosom'd woes.

Then come, and like enchanting Spring
Bid meadows smile, and valleys sing,
While list'ning echo's join
The artless feather'd songsters' lays,
Thy myriad peerless charms to praise,
In notes like thee, divine.

Kingsland.

J. M.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! sweet source of ev'ry joy,
Thy smiles each frown of fate defy,

O let me call thee mine;
With thee I'll brave the heaviest storm,
Distress and woe in every form;
O make this bosom thine.

The happy pair, who own thy reign,
Enjoy what Monarchs seek in vain,
And share the sweets of life;
Their home amidst the warbling grove,
The seat of virtue and of love,
Is free from care and strife.

Here kindness wipes the trav'ler's tear,
Here tenderness and grace appear,
To cheer the drooping mind;
Here sickness finds a healing balm,
Here troubles grow divinely calm,
Where love and friendship's join'd.

This consecrated blissful seat
Affords a safe and sweet retreat,
From grief and haggard care;
Here streams of fond affection rise,
And sympathy that never dies,
To bless the happy pair.

Hail, Friendship! Queen of earthly joys,
Without thee diadems are toys,
And vain's nature's store;
With thee I am supremely blest,
And with thee I would ever rest,
Nor ask the world for more.

CONVICTION.

THE HINT TAKEN FROM ONE OF THE BRITISH CLASSICS.

'Twas placid eve—the broad blue sky serene,
And smiling sun-beams ting'd the lovely scene,
When I and Clara reach'd the utmost steep,
Where Albion's cliffs nod awful o'er the deep.
Our eyes around the wide-spread ocean flew,
'Till main and mountains mingled in the view.
Along the deep a weavy column run,
Where the green billows glitter'd in the sun.
"Observe (she cried) how o'er yon hazy sea,
"What radiant glories gild the close of day;
"In western worlds ev'n now these glories rise,
"Light other lands, and brighten other skies.
"Now eastward turn, the rural tract pursue,
"Spire, woods, and villasun-gilt meet the view.
"How smiles yon blushing cliff with fir-trees
crown'd,
"And heath, red-blossom'd, tufted thick around.
"See 'mid the plains the objects clear and small,
"Each line's a steeple and each spot a hall."
Delighted much I look (for sure the eye
Sees landscapes lovelier when a lady's by.)
Yet o'er the whole methought a mist was spread,
My eyes were dim, and dizzy was my head,
There in a nook, with straggling shrubs o'er-
grown,
We sat in converse on a mossy stone.
And many a frolic sweetly pass'd, to prove
The childish playfulness of youthful love.

With beating heart my trembling fingers bore
A tender tribute of poetic lore,
Penn'd in the hour of absence and despair,
Address'd "to Clara, fairest of the fair."
There for her lips the Muse had roses given,
And for her eyes two twinkling stars of heaven;
Had tun'd her voice to sweet Thalia's hand,
And stol'n her teeth from pearls of Samarcande;
Had sworn her breath surpass'd Arabia's grove,
With all the pretty perjuries of love.

This oft to read with fault'ring lips I try'd,
My fault'ring lips as oft to read deny'd.
And tho' my heart with thrilling raptures rung,
A dizzy darkness o'er my eyelids hung,
And lab'ring accents trembled on my tongue.
Yet while my longing eyes her beauties saw,
Her looks were eloquence—her wishes law.
Thus long in silent converse did we dwell,
When from my careless hand the paper fell.
She snatch'd it quick and o'er the hillocks flew,
The flying maid did I as quick pursue.
From brake to brake she laughing led the chace,
I laughing lab'ring still pursu'd apace:
Like sportive lambs, when daisies dot the dale,
Round tufts and trees the birth of April hail.
Still did she laughing fly, and I pursue,
When heavy clouds low'd dark'ning to my view;
And here and there big drops of sudden rain
Fell frequent, as we gain'd the lofty plain.
Far off I saw the driving storm extend,
And wat'ry beams from the dim sun ascend.
I heard the distant thunder rumbling low,
And call'd to Clara to make haste to go.
Just then I saw the cliff on which she stood
Crack—and slip awful in the foaming flood.
"O God (I cry'd) oh spare my lovely one."
But ah—my Clara was for ever gone.
Then mad with frenzy to the cliff I flew,
Resolv'd in death my Clara to pursue.
"For thou, O God (I cried) with all thy host,
"Can'st not restore the happiness I've lost!"
Yet starting (shock'd the power of God to chide),
I woke—and found my Clara by my side.

Inner-Temple.

MUSIPHILUS.

INSPIRATION.

O'er hill and valley, o'er the barren heath,
Or soil matur'd by every art of man,
Breathing the incense of its various fruits
And flowers all beauteous, still thy voice is heard.
But oh! most awful, most sublime thou reign'st
O'er the tall cliff, the rugged precipice,
The roaring cataract, and rolling wave
Dashing its foam against the rock,
Repelling all its fury—there on high,
O'er Appenine, or o'er the tow'ring Alps,
Wrapt in a misty cloud, thou sit'st enshrin'd

In majesty supreme. The wand'ring bard,
 Struck by the magic wand, arrested stands
 To contemplate their greatness, full of thee,
 O'er all his form a heavenly radiance shines,
 As wrapt in thought sublime, he feels thy breath
 Sweep gently o'er his lyre, and wake to life
 The song immortal; then to rapture rising,
 As o'er the soft'ning view the sun declines,
 He sings the wonders of the scenes around him
 In all their wild sublimity, till fir'd
 To nobler daring, his mellifluous strains,
 Wound to a higher pitch, accord the praise
 Of their great architect, and to the soul
 Of philosophic piety present
 The noblest picture—*Man, the Child of Heaven*,
 Singing, thro' all his works, his Maker's praise.

THE LARK.

With earliest Spring, while yet the wheaten
 blade
 Scarce shoots above the new-fallen shower of
 snow,
 The skylark's note, in short excursion, warbles :
 Yes ! even amid the day-obscuring fall,
 I've marked his wing winnowing the feathery
 flakes,
 In widely-circling horizontal flight.
 But, when the season genial smiles, he towers
 In loftier poise, with sweeter fuller pipe,
 Chearing the ploughman at his furrow end,—

The while he clears the share, or, listening, leans
 Upon his paddle-staff, and, with raised hand,
 Shadows his half-shut eyes, striving to scan
 The songster melting in the flood of light.

On tree, or bush, no Lark was ever seen :
 The dasied lea he loves, where tufts of grass
 Luxuriant crown the ridge; there, with his
 mate,
 He founds their lowly house, of withered bents,
 And coarsest speargrass; next, the inner-work
 With finer, and still finer fibres lays,
 Rounding it curious with his speckled breast.
 How strange this untaught art ! it is the gift,
 The gift innate of Him, without whose will
 Not even a sparrow falleth to the ground.

And now the assiduous dam her red-specked
 treasure
 From day to day increases, till complete
 The wonted number, blythe, beneath her breast,
 She cherishes from morn to eve—from eve
 To morn shields from the dew, that globuled lies
 Upon her mottled plumes : then with the dawn
 Upsprings her mate, and wakes her with his song.
 His song full-well she knows, even when the sun,
 High in his morning course is hailed at once
 By all the lofty warblers of the sky :
 But most his downward-veering song she loves ;
 Slow the descent at first, then, by degrees,
 Quick, and more quick, till suddenly the note
 Ceases ; and, like an arrow-sledge, he darts,
 And, softly lighting, perches, by her side.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

FROM ELIZA' TO ATLANTICUS,

*Written by the Right Hon. Dowager Lady Saye
and Sele to her Husband, then Colonel Twistleton,
serving in America.*

WHILST hope and fear within my heart,
Alternate hold their reign;
My pleasures how shall I impart?
Ah! how declare my pain?
Will it at length be given to me,
Once more to hold thee here;
In that lov'd form, again to see,
All that my heart holds dear?
Ye lingering moments swiftly glide,
Ye winds propitious prove;
Ye skillful pilots kindly guide
A lover to his love!
Ah, haste my love, no moment lose,
Stern honour is abused;
Think now upon Eliza's woes,
Oh! hasten to her aid.
No more I'll grieve that roused to arms,
You glowed with martial rage;
Since soft domestic tranquil charms,
At length your thoughts engage.

You'll bid adieu to war's alarms,
Resolved no more to roam;
You'll learn again to prize those charms,
Which ne'er are found from home.

ORIGIN OF THE MORNING BLUSH.

As Tithonus reclin'd on the couch of Aurora,
Just like some fond bee on the soft lap of Flora,
"Of sweet kisses (she cried), love, still give me
some more-ah;
"Let time, as he will, jog for me:"
But the youngster quite tir'd now with kissing and
toying,
Replied—"My dear, rise! or the sun will be
prying;
"All Nature, like me, is grown weary with lying,
"And longs much thy fair face to see."

At this cold, unexpected remonstrance and warn-
ing,
With a look that bespoke disappointment and
scorning,
Up started the beautiful Goddess of Morning,
And left her dull sweetheart in dumps;

"O good morrow!" says Phœbus, with brow
somewhat hazy,

"Miss Aurora, I see you're inclin'd to grow
lazy"

"Mister Sol," she replies, "with your gibing
be easy"—

Then into his chariot she jumps.

So off the pair drove, just like brother and sister;
The day grew so bright that mankind never
miss'd her;

Nor would any have known that Tithonus had
kiss'd her,

If Cupid the secret had kept;

But he, in a talkative fit told his mother,
And she, quite unable such scandal to smother,
O! the gossiping Goddess, soon told it another,
Till at length to Fame's knowledge it crept.

Now, as Fame such high characters loves most to
worry,

This news put her breast in a wonderful flurry;
She snatch'd up her trumpet, and flew in a hurry
To sound it on every side:

Aurora, perceiving her name was thus blasted,
Resolved, that as long as this earthly ball lasted,
Her face still, while taking her daily trip past it,
A veil of deep crimson should hide.

Hence arises the beautiful *blush* we discover,
When morning the mountain's dim summit
peeps over:

Reflection still flushes the cheek of the lover—

Still her grief for detection remains;

In vain each fond Cloud the shy Nymph ad-
dresses:

She seems e'en to shun her attendants' caresses,
And, while they with roses and pearls braid her
tresses,

Her tears oft besprinkle the plains.

CONTENTMENT.

HAPPY the man, but O how few we find,
Who feels the pleasures of a tranquil mind,
Who meets all blessings in Content alone,
Nor knows a station happier than his own.
No anxious cares disturb his peaceful breast,
With life Content, and with Contentment blest:
No pangs he feels to break his calm repose,
No envy fears, for he no envy knows:
To Man still faithful, and to God resign'd,
His body subject to its Lord, the Mind.
He must be good—forsurely Heav'n ne'er meant,
Without strict virtue to bestow content.
'Tis not the glory false ambition brings,
The wealth of misers, or the pow'r of kings,
Nor all the fleeting joys by man possess,
Can give this earthly frame that heav'nly guest.
Whate'er the joys life's fleeting hours bestow
Arise from Virtue, and from Virtue flow.

C.

LINES

*Addressed to a Young Lady, by a Friend who has
supplied a Mother's place, accompanied by a
Ribband bought at a Country Fair.*

A ribband to adorn the hair
Of her who should a bandeau wear,
Of orient pearls and diamonds bright,
Had Madam Fortune acted right;
And giv'n thy friend the means to prove,
By *richer gifts*, a mark of love.
Yet *trifles*, my dear girl, they say,
Affection's motive will convey;
Then may the silken boon impart,
The soft sensations of a heart,
Where love maternal fondly reigns,
Confined by * Friendship's granate chains;
That beauteous flow'r, which still would blow
Amidst Siberia's chilling snow;
Or in Egyptia's sandy plains
Would flourish, without nurturing means;
'Tis in this breast the plant will find
No Eastern blast, no Northern wind;
But, shielded by affection's pow'r,
Unfading sweets perfume the flow'r.
Time, which all other things decays,
Strengthens its root—for, like the Bays',
Eternal verdure decks the ground
Where Friendship's favourite plant is found.

ODE TO A CRICKET,

ON A COTTAGE HEARTH.

LITTLE guest, with merry throat,
That chirpest by my taper's light,
Come, prolong thy blithsome note
Welcome visitant of night.

Here enjoy a calm retreat,
In my chimney safely dwell,
No rude hand thy haunt shall beat,
Or chase thee from thy lonely cell.

Come, recount me all thy woes,
While around us sighs the gale;
Or, rejoic'd to find repose,
Charm me with thy merry tale.

Say what passion moves thy breast?
Does some flame employ thy care?
Say with love art thou oppress'd?
Or mournful victim to despair?

Shelter'd from the wintry wind,
Live and sing, and banish care;
Here protection thou shalt find,
Sympathy has brought thee here."

* Alluding to the poetic description of the goddess, who is represented with a garland of pomegranate flowers.

MORAL AND NATURAL BEAUTY.

SWEET is the voice that soothes my care,
The voice of love, the voice of song;
The lyre that celebrates the fair,
And animates the warlike throng.

Sweet is the counsel of a friend,
Whose bosom proves a pillow kind,
Whose mild persuasion brings an end,
To all the sorrows of the mind.

Sweet is the breath of balmy spring,
That lingers in the primrose vale;
The woodlark sweet, when on the wing
His wild notes swell the rising gale.

Sweet is the breeze that curls the lakes,
And early wafts the fragrant dew,
Thro' clouds of hovering vapours breaks,
And clears the bright ethereal blue.

Sweet is the bean, the blooming pea,
More fragrant than Arabia's gale
That sleeps upon the tranquil sea,
Or gently swells the extended sail.

Sweet is the walk where daisies spring,
And cowslips scent the verdant mead:
The woodlands sweet where linnets sing,
From every bold intruder freed.

But far more sweet the virtuous deed,
The hand that kindly brings relief;
The heart that with the widow bleeds,
And shares the drooping orphan's grief.

I love the tear, the pearl of woe,
That decks the sympathising eye,
To see the stream of sorrow flow,
To hear the deeply heaving sigh.

A.

ODE TO CYNTHIA.

SISTER of Phœbus, gentle Queen,
Of aspect mild, and brow serene,
Whose friendly beams by night appear,
The lonely traveller to cheer.
Attractive power, whose mighty sway
The ocean's swelling waves obey,
And, mounting upward, seem to raise
A liquid altar to thy praise.
Thee, wither'd hags at midnight hour
Invoke to their infernal bow'r;
But I to no such horrid rite,
Sweet Queen, implore thy sacred light;
Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,
To rob the miser's treasur'd heap.
Thy kindly beams alone impart
To find the youth who stole my heart,
And guide me from thy silver throne
To steal his heart, and find my own.

A LUNARIAN.

THE POPLAR.

No watch-dog disturb'd the calm season of rest,
And the day-beams were faintly the mountain
adorning;
The night-dew still hung on the eglantine's breast,
And the shrill cock first broke the sweet silence
of morning.

To the haunts of his childhood, the scenes of his
sport,
A wanderer came in the stillness of sorrow;
The magic of life's early vision to court,
And the sweetest of hours from remembrance
to borrow.

But the field of his culture was dreary and wild,
And dear were the bow'rs where the rose once
was blowing;
The dark weed had grown where the garden had
smil'd,
And a wilderness spread where late beauty was
glowing.

Yet, one Poplar surviv'd, and was lofty and fair,
'Twas the pride of his youth, when its sun rose
enchancing;
And affection had treasur'd his memory there,
And had hallow'd his name on the tree of his
planting.

Unknown was the hand that thus witness'd its
truth,
Unknown was the heart with affection thus
beaming;
But the wanderer thought on the friend of his
youth,
And his spirit was blest, though his tear-drops
were streaming.

Thou flow'r of affection! entwining the heart,
To deck the drear scene of our wanderings
given;
Thy balm to our grief can its healing impart,
And thy blossoms of light caught their beauty
from heaven.

Birmingham.

J.

MORNING.—AN ODE.

Written as a College Imposition, the Author being
confined to his College.

Scribimus inclusi.—Pers. Sat. 1.

ONCE more the vernal sun's all-cheering beams
The fields as with a purple robe adorn;
Thy banks, fair Isis! and thy glist'ning streams,
All laugh and sing beneath the radiant morn;
Through the deep groves I hear the chaunting
birds,
And through the clover'd vale the mellow low
of herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
Well pleased the progress of the spring to mark,
The fragrant breath of zephyrs pure to catch,
And startle from her couch the early lark;—
More genuine pleasures sooth his tranquil breast
Than high-thron'd kings can boast,—in eastern
glory drest.

The pensive poet through the greenwood steals,
Or treads the willowed banks of murmuring
brooks,

Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills,
Or pensive sits beneath the branching oak,
Whence various scenes, and prospects wide
below,

Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to
low.

But I nor with the day awake to joy,
Lost are to me the charms of Nature's face,
No magic dreams my morning thoughts employ,
And darkness holds the place of light and grace.
Nor bright the sun nor green the meads appear,
Nor colour charms my eye, nor harmony my ear.
For, void of gentle grace and manners mild,
With leaden rod stern discipline restrains;
And pedantry, of learned pride the child,
My roving genius binds in Gothic chains.
Nor more my Muse, by Dulness' wand oppress'd,
Can whisper to my soul sweet songs of peace
and rest.

SUNRISE, IN THE COUNTRY.

While drowsy Somnus bows the slumbering
head,

I through the fields pursue the cheerful way,
Where verdant beauties the fair world o'erspread,
And gladden'd Nature hails the Spring of Day.

What rich perfumes now float upon the gale!
What various odours fling their sweets around!
What balmy fragrance does the sense inhale!
What scented flowrets deck the painted ground!

How sweet, ere Sol illumine yon heathy moor,
To climb the hill at early opening dawn,
Thankful to view him brightly—rising pour
Effulgent glories o'er the dewy lawn.

Can crowded rooms, or artificial light,
Impress the mind with raptures such as this?
Can they afford such exquisite delight?
Can they infuse so calm, so pure a bliss?

Hark! what sweet music sounds from every spray;
See where the lark, on yielding air afloat,
Through the thin ether holds its steady way,
And loud and clear distends its little throat.

E'en Philomela lingers still behind,
Nor seeks the dark recesses of the wood,
Her notes still quiver in the murmuring wind,
While twittering swallows play upon the flood.

Can Mara's voice so sweetly charm the soul?

Or Braham's skill so melt with joy the heart?

Can Handel's self so soothingly controul

The burst of passion, or keen sorrow's smart?

Hence! tinsell'd splendour; "Hence! deluding
joys;"

And thoughtless mortals with your snares de-
ceive;

Give me this charm refined, that never cloy:
Fantastic follies I for ever leave.

WAT.

TO A GENTLEMAN

ABOUT TO SAIL FOR AMERICA.

SINCE on the Ocean's boundless deep,
Once more impell'd by fate you go,
The Muse the trembling wire would sweep,
And soft invoke each gale to blow.

Long has it been our doom to roam,
With hearts by firmest friendship bound,
(The world at large our only home)
O'er many a wide expanse of ground.

At Philadelphia's sad confine,
Where death stalk'd round with aspect wild,
We saw the widow vainly pine,
And heard the mother mourn her child:

While desolation mark'd the scene,
And groans of mis'ry fill'd each gale,
Where dance no more rejoic'd the green,
Nor song re-echo'd from the dale.

May no such griefs again demand
The sigh of pity from thy breast,
But jocund pleasure's mirthful band
Sooth ev'ry baleful care to rest.

Then festive let thy moments flow,
While round thee roars the briny flood;
May ev'ry breeze auspicious blow,
And nought provoke the wat'ry God.

ON COURTSHIP.

Would you act the prudent lover,
Still maintain the manly part;
Let not downcast looks discover
All the sorrows of your heart.

Women soon the truth divining,
Silily laugh, or sharply rail,
When the swain, in accents whining,
Tells his melancholy tale.

Nor, by sanguine hopes directed,
Use a victor's haughty strain;
Every nymph, by pride protected,
Learns to scorn the forward swain.

Him for conquest love shall fashion,
Him the Graces all attend,
Who with the most ardent passion
Joins the Lover and the Friend.

MOMENTS OF REFLECTION,

*In the Hermitage of a Gentleman's Park, in
Norfolk.*

FRIENDS of my youth! as dear as ye are few,
And ye enchanting scenes!—romantic shades!
I yield me all to solitude, to you,
And not a meaner thought the dream in-
vades.

The awful silence of this dark retreat,
At times dispell'd by choral warblers' notes,
Where the wood-pigeon, melancholy sweet,
With thrush and black-bird tune their mellow
throats.

Or breeze Æolian, whisp'ring in the grove,
Skimming the surface of the winding lake,
As gently rustling through each green alcove,
A sickly fancy might suggest it spake.

All ask thy pen, Oh Hammond! to diffuse
The glowing tenderness their sounds have
lent,

As mem'ry's retrospective charm renews
Voluptuous hours with sweet associate spent.

But memory's pleasures ever mix with pain;
They not alone present existing friends,
But those who in their narrow mansions lain,
Heed not the tribute such remembrance
sends.

The mystic characters my hand gave place,
(Oh, sacred name upon my heart imprest!)
On yonder bark some searching eye may trace,
When hand and heart with long lost kindred
rest.

Then may yon fane, that rears its gilded spire,
Now imperceptible athwart the gloom,
Kindle in them, as animate desire,
Of future worth to meet a future doom.

May this lone Hermitage, (which now reminds
That time bears lightly in his rapid flight,
The day* that scatters to inconstant winds,
Licence of childhood for each vain delight.)

Amend the faulty, and maintain the good,
Dismiss an Anchorite in ev'ry guest,
With mind that, free from folly's blinding hood,
Excludes pale envy from th' admiring breast.

In cell surrounded by this rich domain,
I pray not fortune for a splendid gift,
If one sole point my constancy shall gain,
Let other mortals plod for worldly thrift,

* In allusion to the writer's approaching ma-
jority.

The noble owner of this smiling plain,
Whose stores are ample as his bosom's warm,
Feels not more pleasure in the wide champaign,
Then I in pausing on each sep'rate charm.

Friends of my youth! I quit Elysian bow'rs
Without one sigh, I bid these haunts adieu;
For pass some quick-revolving round of hours,
And ev'ry step shall bring me nearer you!

G. A. G.

STANZAS.

ON silver wings exultant borne,
See the midnight fairies glide,
A dew-drop wreath their locks adorn,
Reflected by the sleeping tide.

Now, o'er the dew bespangled lawn,
The splendid elfin circle move,
Glide o'er ripe fields of golden corn,
Or tell the fairy tale of love.

Or sportive chase some brilliant star
Swift shooting from its heav'n-bright sphere,
Or ride, 'midst elemental war,
Their fairy car on evening tear.

Or chase some comet's fiery form,
Whose flames night's shadow'y vale illumine;
Or ride unhurt the light'ning storm
Or tend some sister fairy's tomb.

Or up the slanting moon-beams climb,
Or chase some meteor's rapid ray,
Till morning comes, "sweet hour of prime,"
And warns the Sylphed tribe away.

Kingsland.

J. M.

IRREGULAR SONNET.

THE THEFT.

I STOLE a kiss!

A kiss, than incense sweeter, or the gale
That sighs, luxuriant, o'er the blossom'd vale,
Rifling nectareous dew! extatic bliss!
Not all the honey'd stores of balmy Spring,
Or Autumn bearing the replenish'd horn;—
Nor pleasures, of the bright-eyed Fancy born,
Which fleet across the brain on gilded wing,
And, ever as the faint ideas hold,
Diffuse their raptures o'er the charmed mind,
Can with such raptures all the feelings bind
As sweet affection's kiss!—then be not cold,
But, chaster than the mate-enamour'd dove,
Impart the sacred pledge, the bond of love.

G. L. G.

TO THE WATERFALL.

Is this the spot where, drunk with pleasure,
Beneath embow'ring shades I lay?
Is that the rock from whose brown summit
The streamlet dash'd its headlong way?

Ah see, where pour'd the limpid torrent
O'er stones and moss its foaming tide,
Now glistens bright a crystal column,
Depending from the tall cliff's side.

How dull the grove, stripp'd of its honours,
Where once beneath the darksome shade,
Among the gently-waving foliage
The zephyrs with the blossoms play'd.

How lovely gleam'd the dancing sun-beams,
The thick o'erarching boughs between,
On the soft moss, the stream, the flowers—
How dreary now—how chang'd the scene!

But soon again shall spring returning
With freshest verdure clothe each bow'r;
Again dissolve the ice-bound current,
And shed around its gladd'ning pow'r.

O then beneath your shades receive me,
Where free from care my hours may fly,
As, list'ning to the cascade's murmur,
Upon the mossy bank I lie.

Then shall the dark wood and the valley,
Th' enamell'd plain and breezy hill,
And ev'ry simple vernal flower
My heaving breast with transport fill.

Nor kings nor princes then I'll envy
As near the cool stream I recline;
And, while my senses swim in pleasure,
I quaff with glee the gen'rous wine:

Or when, beneath your shady bowers,
The Muses glowing themes inspire,
Whose streams shall, e'en in unborn ages,
Each breast with virtuous ardour fire.

THE HARP OF SORROW.

I GIVE my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command,
They warble only to her song.

Of dear departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
That died untimely in the blast:

Of long, long years of future care
Till lingering Nature yields her breath;
And endless ages of despair
Beyond the judgment-day of death—

The weeping Minstrel sings;
And while her numbers flow,
My Spirit trembles thro' the strings,
And every note is full of woe.

Would Gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones;
The strings, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet to sooth the mind
With luxury or grief,
The Soul, to suffering all resign'd,
In Sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre,
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magic pulses play;

Till all the air around,
Mysterious murmurs fill,
—A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet—yet mournful still.

O snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
Hope! who has been a stranger long:—
O strike it with sublime command,
And be the Poet's Life thy song!

Of vanished troubles sing,
Of fears for ever fled,
Of flowers, that hear the voice of spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase;
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sunset hour of peace;

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of Youth,
Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,
And everlasting as his truth;—

Sing heavenly Hope!—and dart thine hand
O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long;
That Harp shall breathe, at thy command,
Immortal sweetness thro' thy song.

Ah! then this gloom controul,
And at thy voice shall start
A new Creation in my soul,
And a new Eden in my heart!

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL, AND THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST.

BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS MARY.

COME, take up your hats, and away let us
haste

To the Butterfly's Ball, and the Grasshopper's
Feast :

The trumpeter Gad-fly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth shaven grass by the side of a
wood,

Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
'To an ev'ning's amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so
black,

Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his
back ;

And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly
too,

And all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth, with her plumage
of down,

And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow and
brown,

Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did
bring,

But they promised that ev'ning to lay by their
sting.

Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out of his
hole,

And led to the Feast his blind cousin, the Mole ;
And the Snail, with her horns peeping out of
her shell,

Came fatigued with the distance, the length of
an ell.

A mushroom the table, and on it was spread
A water-dock leaf, which their table-cloth made,
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought the honey, to sweeten the
feast.

With steps most majestic the Snail did advance,
And he promised the gazers a minuet to dance ;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his
head,

And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as ev'ning gave way to the shadows of
night,

Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out
with his light :

So home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you or for me.

THE VANITY OF LIFE.

ISAIAH xliv. 6.—We all do fade as a leaf.

BY THE LATE BISHOP HORNE.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd, to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
With a sad and solemn sound.

" Sons of Adam ! once in Eden,
" Blighted when like us you fell ;
" Hear the lecture we are reading,
" 'Tis, alas ! the truth we tell.

" Virgins ! much, too much presuming,
" On your boasted white and red,
" View us, late in beauty blooming,
" Number'd now among the dead.

" Griping misers ! nightly waking,
" See the end of all your care ;
" Fled on wings of our own making,
" We have left our owners bare.

" Sons of honour ! fed on praises,
" Fluttering high on fancy's worth !
" Lo ! the fickle air that raises,
" Brings us down to parent earth.

" Learned sops ! in systems jaded,
" Who for new ones daily call ;
" Cease, at length by us persuaded,
" Ev'ry leaf must have a fall.

" Youths ! tho' yet no losses grieve you,
" Gay in health and manly grace,
" Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
" Summer gives to autumn place.

" Venerable sires ! grown hoary,
" Hither turn th' unwilling eye ;
" Think amidst your falling glory,
" Autumn tells a winter sigh.

" Yearly in our course returning,
" Messengers of shortest stay,
" Thus we preach this truth unerring,
" Heaven and earth shall pass away.

" On the Tree of Life Eternal,
" Man let all thy hopes be staid,
" Which, alone, for ever vernal,
" Bears a leaf that ne'er shall fade."

HORACE, *Book I. Ode xxii. parodied.*

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus, &c.

THE man who looks not worth a penny,
Where-e'er he rambles fears not any;
Nor, when the shades of ev'ning fall,
Needs he or gunpowder or ball,
But o'er the field unarm'd may stroll,
And never wait for the patrol.

If upon Bagshot's heath he stray,
Or down to Hounslow take his way,
Or over Finchley's Common roain
(The dread of cits returning home),
Each distant bush he dauntless sees,
Nor takes for highwaymen the trees.

For, as I wander'd (wrapt in thought),
Rhiming on Doll, in thread-bare coat,
And lost as night came on my way,
A lurking rogue, in search of prey,
Upon me cast a surly eye,
Survey'd me grimly, and pass'd by.

A rascal of so ill a look,
The gangs of Bow-street never took;
Nor one so practis'd in all ill,
So prompt to steal, to rob or kill:
Chick-lane itself did ne'er produce,
Nor Jack Ketch hamper in his noose.

Let Fortune, if she pleases, frown,
And, to divert her, push me down
Or to the Marshalsea or Fleet,
Where I can only hope to meet
With what the Muse of all things loathes,
With girls, and dice, and gin, and oaths.

Or let her, shifting like the wind,
Or like her sex, for once prove kind,
And, to display her wanton tricks,
Promote me to a coach and six;
One task shall still employ my time,
On Doll's enchanting smiles to rhyme.

W. B.

SOLIQUY ON DEAFNESS.

NATURE, thy genial voice I hear,
Which wakes the morn and me,
And seems to strike upon my ear,
Tho' deaf to all but thee;
To me the hours in silence roll away,
No music greets the dawn, or mourns the close
of day.

To me the sky-lark pois'd aloft
In silence seems to play;
And hail no more in warbling soft,
The rising dawn of day;
For me in vain they swell their liquid throats,
Contemp'tive I muse, nor heed their jocund
notes.

To me the shepherd pipes in vain,
In vain the milk-maid sings;
Lost are the bleatings of the plains,
The gurgling of the springs:
No more I hear the nightingale complain,
When to the morn she chaunts her sad love-
labour'd strain.

And when with me Lucinda strays
Along the breezy grove,
In transport on her charms I gaze,
And thinks she talks of love:
Ah cease, dear maid, to talk of love in vain:
Thy smiles alone to me the voice of love ex-
plain.

Whence these complaints? methinks, e'en
now,
The voice of reason cries,
Dispel the gloom that clouds thy brow,
Suppress the heaving sighs:
What fate decrees 'tis folly to bewail,
Weigh then the good and ill in wisdom's equal
scale.

No more in friendship's thin disguise
Shall flattery sooth thy ear:
Experienc'd kindness makes thee wise
To know the friend sincere?
No more shalt thou attend to faction's cries,
The taunts of jealous pride, or envy's blasting
lies.

No more shall now thy mind be toss'd
By ev'ry breath of praise:
No more thy reason shall be lost
In controversy's maze:
Thou safe thro' life's sequester'd vale shalt go
And learn from Nature's works, her wise decrees
to know.

TRIFLES.

In the search of happiness,
Trifles fondly we caress;
In the gloom of adverse fate,
Trifles add to misery's weight.
Trifles, when we hope, can cheer,
Trifles hurt us, when we fear.
Britain's character is such,
Trifles joy us over much;
If defeat attend our cause,
Trifles give that joy a pause.
Trifles often turn the scale,
When in love or law we fail;
Trifles to the great commend,
Trifles make proud beauty bend.
Trifles prompt the poet's strain,
Trifles oft distract the brain;
Trifles, Trifles, more or less,
Give us, or withhold success;
Thus, what'er we undertake,
Trifles raise, or Trifles shake.

THE TOMB OF ELLEN.

STRANGER! if by worldly views
Thy heart is dead to love's controul,
If feeling never nurs'd with dews
The rose of passion in thy soul;—
Turn from this grave thy sullen tread,
For this is pity's holiest shrine—
The lilies that surround the dead
Would shrink from such a hand as thine.

But if thy breast with ardour warm
Beats to the thrilling glance of beauty;
If thou hast knelt to woman's charm
With all of love's enraptur'd duty,

Then Stranger pause and linger here
(For love and pity seldom sever),
And pour the sighs to passion dear,
Where Ellen sleeps, alas! for ever!

Sweet maid! within thy gentle breast
Affection bloom'd, oh, how sincerely!
And why did fate, with frown unblest,
Break a fond heart that lov'd so dearly?

For cold beneath the western wave
Her lover found an icy pillow;
No flower to deck his lonely grave,
No death-shroud but the foaming billow!

The spirit of the morn had sigh'd,
Delighted o'er the rose's bloom,
But sorrow came with with'ring stride,
And swept its beauty to the tomb.

Stranger! if love awakes your sighs
(And love and pity seldom sever),
Pause where that rose of beauty lies—
Where Ellen sleeps, alas! for ever!

R.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO CLARINDA.

AND does the mild Clarinda dare
A slander'd patriot's colour wear;
While round corruption's rabble rout,
The brutal claim of triumph shout?
And dares she thus to scorn aloud
The intrusive idol of the crowd?
Yet (such is man) the patriot fair
Can shed the charm of virtue there.

Though, proud to claim thy country's pride,
Defeat were triumph on thy side,—
Yet seek not, mild and gentle maid,
The feeble cause of truth to aid:
The vulgar crowd's embrouited glee,
Clarinda, is no scene for thee;
And though respect thy charms inspire,
Thy friends must tremble and admire.

AN IMPROMPTU.

O SUE! you certainly have been
A little raking, roguish creature,
And in that face, may still be seen
Each laughing love's bewitching feature!

For thou hast stolen many a heart—
And robb'd the sweetness of the rose;
Plac'd on that cheek it doth impart
More lovely tints, more fragrant blows?

Yes, thou art nature's favourite child,
Array'd in smiles, seducing, killing;
Did Joseph live you'd drive him wild,
And set his very soul a thrilling!

A poet, much too poor to live,
Too poor in this rich world to rove,
Too poor, for aught but verse to give,
But not, thank heaven, too poor to love!

Gives thee his little doggel lay,
One truth I tell, in sorrow tell it,
I'm forc'd to give my verse away,
Because, alas; I cannot sell it.

And should you with a critic's eye
Proclaim me 'gainst the muse a sinner,
Reflect, dear girl, that such as I,
Six times a week don't get a dinner.

And want of comfort, food, and wine,
Will damp the genius, curb the spirit;
These wants I'll own are often mine,
But can't allow a want of merit.

For every stupid dog that drinks
At Poet's pond, nick-nam'd divine,
Say what he will, I know he thinks,
That all he writes is dev'lish fine.

TO A LADY.

MY wishes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by Friendship, I ask for no more!
Is't Reason?—No, that my whole life will deny,
For who so at variance as Reason and I?

Is't Ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any softer sensation apart?

O no! for in this all the world will agree,
One folly was never sufficient for me!

Is my mind in distress, too intensely employed,

Or by pleasures relax'd, by variety cloy'd,

For alike in this only, enjoyment and pain,

Both slacken the springs of these nerves which
they strain! [flow,

That I've felt each reverse that from Fortune can
That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
Has still been the whimsical state of my life,
Where Anguish and Joy have been ever at strife;
But tho' vers'd in the extremes both of Pleasure
and Pain,

I'm still but too ready to feel them again. H.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

FRIENDSHIP'S COT.

BY MR. PRATT.

*Presented on the anniversary of a Friend's birth,
November 15, 1806.*

WHENEVER Friendship's Cot reviewing,
Whether while primroses are springing;
Or summer his bright course pursuing;
Or autumn the rich chaplet bringing;
Or winter, the wild deluge pouring,
Invested in his tenfold gloom,
Or, his dread hurricane is roaring,
Dear Friendship's Cot preserves its bloom.

What tho' the yellow leaves appearing
Will fall, and wither round the spot,
Yet mental summer, ever chearing,
Still irradiates Friendship's Cot.

What tho' the rain, with wind combining,
Sometimes shake the little roof;
The heart, well pleas'd to these resigning,
Knows Friendship's Cot is tempest proof.

What tho' against your casement hurling,
E'en all the elements together,
Freeze the poor wand'rer or worldling,
In Friendship's Cot—'tis sunny weather.
King's Road, Chelsea.

TO LAURA.

You bid me sing the song you love;
I hear, and wake the favour'd lay;
For Laura's lips no wish can move,
But I am blest, when I obey.
Yet while you bend the strain to hear,
My fancy flies on wayward wing,
And turns to him, the poet dear,
Who form'd the song, you bid me sing.

Dear to my heart for ever be
The bard who thus shall melt and charm,
In every age, each maid like thee
To nature just, to genius warm!
But ah! the bard, where is he fled?
Like common forms of vulgar clay;
The shades of night are round him spread;
The bard has lived, and pass'd away.

And him, who thus with matchless art
To music gave the poet's rhyme,
Touch'd with new eloquence the heart,
And wak'd to melody sublime,

How vainly would my eyes require,
And seek within the realms of day;
For like the master of the lyre,
He too has lived and pass'd away.

'Mid Scotia's shadowy glens reclin'd,
These notes some unknown minstrel fir'd;
Yet where—to silent death resign'd,
Rests now the form the muse inspir'd?
No vestige points to rapture warm,
To grateful awe, the sacred clay!
Alas! why lives the song to charm?
All but the song has past away!

Well, Laura, does that look reveal,
That pensive look, that soften'd eye,
How quickly thro' thine heart can steal
The tender thought that bids thee sigh!
Not at thy will, from want, from pain,
Exemption kind can Genius claim;
And now thou mark'st with sorrow vain,
How frail its triumphs and its fame.

Muse on and mourn, thou generous maid;
Ah! mourn for man thus doom'd to view
His little labours bloom and fade,
An hour destroy, an hour renew.
Vain humbled man! must every pride—
—All thy fond glories feel decay?
Must every boast, if once allied
To thee, but live to pass away?

Vain humbled man! as transient flies
Whate'er thy reasoning mind fever'd,
In some lov'd maid, thus sinks and dies
All to thy inmost soul endear'd.
Oh, Laura! haste thee to my breast!
Come, all thy life, thy love convey;
Oh! closer to my heart be prest—
Dost thou too live to pass away?

THE SAILOR.

A TALE.

THE Sailor sighs as sinks the native shore,
As all its less'ning turrets blueely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,
And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! how each dear domestic scene he knew,
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,

Thro' all the horrors of the stormy main;
This the last wish with which its warmth could part,

To meet the smiles of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or eve's gray cloud descends to drink the way;

When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And, when the bearing billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet Hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plumb-tree, waving wide,
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'er-arch the yellow tide.

But, lo! at last she comes with crowded sail!
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And, hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!

In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas fur'd;
Soon thro' the whitening surge he springs to land,
And claps the Maid he singled from the world.

TO A BUTTERFLY

IN A WINDOW.

ESCAP'D thy place of wintry rest,
And in the brightest colours drest,
Thy new-born wings prepar'd for flight,
Ah! do not, Butterfly, in vain
Thus flutter on the chrystal pane,
But go! and soar to life and light.

High in the summer buoyant gale
Through cloudless ether thou may'st sail,
Or rest among the fairest flowers;
To meet thy winnowing friends may'st speed,
Or at thy choice luxurious feed
In woodlands wild, or garden bowers.

Beneath some leaf of ample shade
Thy pearly eggs shall then be laid,
Small rudiments of many a fly;
While thou, thy frail existence past,
Shalt shudder in the chilly blast,
And fold thy painted wings, and die!

Soon fleets thy transient life away;
Yet short as is thy vital day,
Like flowers that form thy fragrant food,
Thou, poor ephemeron, shalt have fill'd
The little space thy Maker will'd,
And all thou know'st of life be good.

ODE TO THE SKY-LARK.

SWEETEST warbler of the skies,
Soon as morning's purple dyes
O'er the eastern mountains float,
Waken'd by thy merry note,
Through green meads I gaily pass,
And lightly brush the dewy grass.

I love to hear thy matin lay,
And warbling wild notes die away;
I love to mark thy upward flight,
And see thee lessen from my sight;
Then, ended thy sweet madrigal,
Sudden, swift I see thee fall,
With wearied wing, and beating breast,
Near thy chirping younglings' nest.

Ah! who that hears thee carol free
Those jocund notes of liberty,
And sees thee independent soar,
With glad some wing, the blue sky o'er,
In wry cage would thee restrain
To pant for liberty in vain;
And see thee 'gainst thy prison grate
Thy little wings indignant beat,
And peck and flutter round and round
Thy narrow, lonely, hated bound;
And yet not ope thy prison door,
To give thee liberty once more?

None! none! but he whose vicious eye
The charms of nature can't espy;
Who dozes those sweet hours away,
When thou begin'st thy merry day;
And 'cause his lazy limbs refuse
To tread the meadows' morning dews,
And there thy early wild notes hear,
He keeps thee lonely prisoner.

Not such am I, sweet warbler; no;
For should thy strain as sweetly flow,
As sweetly flow, as gaily sound,
Within thy prison's wiry bound,
As when thou soar'st with lovers' pride,
And pour'st thy wild notes far and wide,
Yet still depriv'd of every scene,
The yellow lawn, the meadows green,
The hawthorn bush, besprent with dew,
The skyey lake, the mountain blue,
Not half the charms thou'dst have for me,
As ranging wide at liberty.

W. S.

ELEGIAC ODE.

WHEN the stroke of the Woodman had ceas'd in
the vale,
And the sweet Philomela had finish'd her
song;
A sage Child of Sorrow repeated his tale,
And sigh'd to the stream as it murmur'd along.

"I have seen the glad prospect which led me
astray,
Change its lustre, and fade like the tints of the
morn;

I have seen the meridian splendor of day,
But night has succeeded, and found me forlorn.

"I have seen, as I pass'd, how the rose blush-
ing gay,
To the gale of the morning its bosom display'd;
I return'd,—but its beauties had faded away,
And the pride of the morn ere the evening
was dead.

"I have seen (oh how lovely!) the maid of the
dale,
Flush'd with health, and with beauty tri-
umphantly tread;
But, alas! neither beauty nor heath could avail,
For all that was lovely, with Laura is dead.

"How delusive is Hope!—oh, how transient the
stay
Of the sun-beam that gilds our terrestrial
scene!
How short is the pleasure of man's brightest day,
And the blast of Misfortune how piercingly
keen!

"How blank is the prospect, how gloomy the
day,
Which is clouded with care, and o'ershadow'd
with woe;
How dreary, unsocial, and cheerless the way,
Which the Children of Sorrow must wander
below!

"Oh! when shall the Pilgrim arrive at his
home,
And man to his parent in gladness return;
Oh! when shall our sorrows be lost in the tomb,
And the wretched forget with the wretched to
mourn."

Thus nightly he sang, and the swains lov'd to
hear,
For his accents were gentle and mild as the
dew;
Till they dropp'd o'er his tale of misfortune a
tear,
And shrunk from the world, and the picture he
drew.

APPROACH OF WINTER.

Bare are the boughs where clasp'd ring foliage grew,
And loud the chilling wind howls o'er the
plain,

The hedge-row shines no more with morning
dew,
But falls, with heavy sound, the pattering rain.

Another Summer of my youth is gone,
Nor left a trace to say it once was mine;
In folly spent, its golden hours have flown,
Or lost at laughter-loving pleasure's shrine.

I fondly hop'd to cull the classic page,
Or woo stern science in her sombre cell;
Still meaner thoughts each passing day engage,
And ev'n neglected lies the Muse's shell.

Yet I had hop'd to form a raptur'd strain
Might bid my memory triumph o'er the
tomb—

But Genius flies from Pleasure's brawling train,
And seeks the shadowy glen 'mid evening's
gloom.

'Tis her's to climb the mountain's craggy steep,
And gaze upon the scene that glows around;
To muse in silence o'er the foaming tide,
Or list in horror to the tempest's sound.

'Tis her's, reclin'd beneath the moon's pale beam,
To give the passing air a living form;
Or 'wilder'd in Imagination's dream,
To view the angry spirit of the storm.

Yet what avails her power, her thoughts refin'd?
They only give a keener sense of woe;
Far more serenity feels the humble mind,
Than they whose breasts with genius' throb-
bings glow.

Then be it mine, amidst domestic joys,
To live retir'd, nor feel Ambition's flame;
Its wild controul the bosom's peace destroys,
And arduous is the path which leads to fame!

But happy he, with calm contentment blest,
Who gazes raptur'd on an infant train,
Clasping a lov'd companion to his breast,
Who gives each pleasure zest, and soothes every
pain.

Be mine his bliss! in some sequester'd shade,
Far from the world, its follies and its crimes,
Be mine to mark life's latest shadows fade,
Whilst nature's lore my humble joy sublines.

Tho' not forgot shall be the simple lay,
That oft has charm'd misfortune's heavy hour;
Still, Poesy! I'll court thy heav'nly sway,
Still shall my willing bosom own thy power!

POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE MAN OF WORTH.

LET others skill'd in epic song
Each val'rous deed rehearse,
Or soar'd midst battles ruthless throng
Chaunt high the blood-stain'd verse:
To gentler strains, from nature's lyre,
The votive muse gives birth;
Urg'd by a chaster, holier fire,
And sings *The Man of Worth*.
No trumpet sounds his hallow'd name,
No pomp surrounds his gates—
No senseless fashion hands to fame
His chalked-floors, or fetes!
No principles debasing man,
No luxury taints his mirth—
Nor mad ambition warps the plan,
Fram'd by *The Man of Worth*.
No labourer waiting at his door
Demands in vain his hire—
No livery'd locusts rob the poor,
Of what their wants require.

No courtier he, of pliant knee,
Cringing to power, or birth—
Nor despot proud, nor rebel free,
Points out *The Man of Worth*.

No care-worn wretch by sorrow led,
Claims his support in vain;
Nor meagre want by promise fed,
Is banish'd with disdain.
No friend borne down by adverse fate,
Of kindness finds a dearth—
Nor jealous pride, nor envious hate,
Dwells with *The Man of Worth*.

No female, trusting to his vows,
Her easy faith deplors;
His love through honour's channel flows,
On virtue's pinion soars.
As lover, relative, and friend,
Dear ties! which bind to earth!
Trust me, ye fair! they ne'er can blend
But in *The Man of Worth*.

When fops shall flatter to deceive,
And passion urge its flame—
When specious love the sigh shall heave,
And fond attention claim—
Ah! heed not thou the varied lure,
Offspring of sordid birth!
Nor deem thy tenderness secure,
Save, with *The Man of Worth*.

If blest with wealth, or rank, or pow'r,
His liberal hand bestows
Aid in necessity's cold hour,
And heals her varied woes;
Or if mysterious fate denies
The meed of wealth, or birth,
A richer boon the heart supplies,
To bless *The Man of Worth*.

Pity's warm tear!—compassion's sigh!
Affection's softest charm!
Love-searching looks, which quick descry,
And the mute wish disarm!
Sweet'ners of life! soothers of care!
Gems of celestial birth!

Happy the female doom'd to share
These with *The Man of Worth*.

Then if my wayward fate bestows,
The recompensing hour;
And grants the liberty that flows
From bliss within our pow'r;
Pity to heaven shall waft my pray'r,
And plead, that while on earth,
This weary heart may rest from care,
Safe with *The Man of Worth*.

And when life's embers faintly glow,
When death prepares his sting—
When the tir'd arteries cease to flow,
Nor friends can succour bring;
When on the bosom faint I lie
Of him belov'd on earth,
The fault'ring pray'r, and ling'ring sigh,
Shall bless *The Man of Worth*.

B.

SONG,

WRITTEN BY A SON OF THE POET BURNS,
At the Age of Fifteen Years.

HAE ye seen in a fresh dewy morning,
The wild warbling red-breast sae clear?
Or the low-dwelling, snow breasted gowan,
Surcharged wi' mild ev'ning's soft tear?
Oh! then ye have seen my sweet lassie,
The lassie I loe best of a';
But oh! from the hame of my lassie
I'm many a long mile awa'.
Her hair is the wing of the blackbird,
Her eye is the eye of the dove,

Her lips are the mild-blushing rose-bud,
Her bosom's the palace of love;
Alas! when I sit down to study;
I now can do nothing at a';
My book I indeed keep my eyes on—
My thoughts are wi' her that's awa.
Oh love! thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure,
The sweetest we mortals here know;
Ah! soon is thy heav'n, brightly gleaming,
O'ercast wi' the dark clouds of woe;
Thus the moon, on the oft-changing ocean,
Delights the wan sailor's glad eye,
When red rush the storms of the ocean,
And the wild waves, dark, tumble on high.

LOVE.

If misers find a joy in wealth,
Be theirs the golden griefs to prove,
Be mine the pleasures known to health,
When heighten'd by the bliss of love.

Should angry war's destructive roar,
Spread desolation thro' the grove;
Returning peace will please us more,
If shar'd with those we truly love.

If pain o'erwhelms the wounded mind,
If round us untold mis'ries move;
Still will the breast a comfort find,
When love is sooth'd by those we love.

These blessings, Love, belong to thee,
Thy hopes and fears 'tis joy to prove;
If thine is bondage, who'd be free?

To me then, thou art welcome, Love.

July 1, 1806.

J. M. L.

A SONG.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESSES.

TELL Phillis, when she says I boast
What she would fain not know,
'Tis lest her bounty should be lost
My gratitude I shew.

Tell Daphne, when she doubts my love,
And fears her rover lost,
To her alone I'll constant prove
Who trusts to me the most.

Tell Chloe, when she says I turn
To rivals bright as she,
That not for Chloe should I burn,
But for variety.

Tell her—(but whom I know not yet)—
Who shall these vows engage,
'Tis prudent to provide the net,
But wiser still the cage.

LOTHARIO.

TO MARY,

ON RETURNING TO THE COUNTRY.

SINCE thou art come, delightful maid,
Of ev'ry beauteous thing the queen,
To trip it o'er the verdant glade,
Or muse amid the woods unseen—

Kind nature spreads her blessings round,
And greets with smiles her fav'rite child;
With violets the fields abound,
And even roses blossom wild!

The red-breast, thy peculiar care,
With singing strains his little throat;
The tow'ring lark, high pois'd in air,
Swells to thy charms his ev'ry note.

The shepherd, as he sees thee pass,
Amaz'd beholds thy matchless pow'rs;
And deeply sighs for such a lass
To cheer him in the wint'ry hours.

When across the dreary plain
The howling tempest wings its flight,
Or when the strong incessant rain
Pours throughout the deluged night;

Then Fancy paints how great the joy,
How full of rapture and of bliss,
In such sad hours as those to toy,
To give and take the melting kiss.

To seek upon her downy breast
Oblivion of his daily care,
And, lull'd by tenderness to rest,
Ejaculate a lover's pray'r.

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

SONG TO SOPHIA.

WHEN to conquer this heart you essay'd
By your charms, irresistible Sophy,
At the very first sally you made,
You bore off my heart as a trophy.

As you shower'd love's darts from your eyes,
I felt an emotion so tender,
That I panted to yield as your prize,
And a sigh soon confess'd my surrender.

From thee, soft enslaver to part,
Death sure is a trial severer,
For the chains that have fetter'd my heart
Are blessings than liberty dearer.

Forbear the fond slave to remove,
But send me your heart as a token,
And the treaty, when witness'd by love,
By no jealous foe shall be broken.

Then let each rude bick'ring cease,
Which our bosoms united would sever,
Let a smile be the prelude of peace,
And a kiss seal the compact for ever.

CASIMIR.

MEMORY.

At the mild close of dewy eve,
While the last sun-beam lingers near,
The wild and noisy throng I leave,
To think of scenes to Memory dear.

When on the clear blue arch of heaven,
O'er the high trees the stars appear;
I love those hours to sorrow given,
To think of scenes to Memory dear.

Oft to the dove's sad tales I list,
Drop to her fabled woes a tear,
And, careless of the night-dew's mist,
I think of scenes to Memory dear.

Then as the full moon sails on high,
And brings to view the prospect drear,
Oft echo will repeat the sigh
That heaves for friends to Memory dear.

And when the close of life draws nigh,
The thoughts of them my heart shall cheer;
And my last fault'ring accents sigh,
Peace to the friends to Memory dear.

When o'er my form the green turfs swell,
If e'er my friends should wander near,
Will they in moving accents tell,
How died the friend to Memory dear.

THE EXILE.

YE hills of my country, soft fading in blue;
These seats of my childhood, for ever adieu!
Yet not for a brighter your skies I resign,
When my wandering footsteps revisit the Rhine:
But sacred to me is the roar of the wave
That mingles its tide with the blood of the brave;
Where the blasts of the trumpets for battles
combine,
And the heart was laid low that gave rapture to
mine.

Ye scenes of remembrance that sorrow beguil'd,
Your uplands I leave for the desolate wild;
For nature is nought to the eye of despair
But the image of hopes that have vanish'd in air:
Again, ye fair blossoms of flower and of tree,
Ye shall bloom to the morn, tho' ye bloom not
for me;

Again your lone wood-paths that wind by the
stream,
Be the haunt of the lover—to hope—and to
dream.

But never to me shall the summer renew
The bowers where the days of my happiness flew;
Where my soul found her partner, and hop'd to
bestow

The colours of heaven on the dwellings of woe!
Too faithful records of times that are past,
The Eden of love that was ever to last!
Once more may soft accents your wild echoes fill,
And the young and the happy be worshippers still.

To me ye are lost ! but your summits of green
Shall charm thro' the distance of many a scene,
In woe, and in wandering, and deserts, return,
Like the soul of the dead to the perishing urn !
Ye hills of my country, farewell evermore !
As I cleave the dark waves of your rock-rugged
shore,
And ask of the hovering gale if it come
From the oak-tow'ring woods on the mountains
of home. B.

THE QUEEN OF THE WAVES.

RECLIN'D on a rock of her sea-beaten isle,
Britannia survey'd the profound ;
Saw Freedom and Virtue and Industry smile,
And in transport she gaz'd all around—
While the murmurs, arising from Ocean's dark
caves,
Hoarse sounded " Britannia reigns Queen of the
Waves."

To hear once again the brave acts of her sons,
Exulting she flies o'er the ball :
No shores, whether friendly or hostile, she
shuns ;
Their fame had extended to all :
And oft in her flight, as in Ocean she laves,
The Tritons still hail her as " Queen of the
Waves."

The Sea Nymphs arose with their reed-
braided hair,
Green Neptune deserted his cell,
Heavy whales in loose gambols around her
appear,
And Amphitrite sounded her shell ;
Emerging, they sing from their crystalline caves,
Britannia reign ever the " Queen of the Waves."
But Chief, 'midst her heroes, wherever she goes,
She hears her Horatio's proud name ;
Fame's numberless voices in concert arose,
Nor sufficed his great deeds to proclaim—
They sounded, " with Heroes so dauntless and
brave,
" Britannia reign ever the Queen of the Wave."
Her course, overjoyed at his praises, she steers,
To see her brave Son o'er the main ;
When off Cape Trafalgar, exulting she hears
That her Hero's victorious again !
Then tell the proud Despot to rule o'er his slaves,
Nor dare to contend with the " Queen of the
" Waves."
With grief soon she learnt that her Hero had
died,
The tears gush'd in floods from her eyes ;
His deeds were too bright for a mortal, she cried,
His reward must be sought in the skies ;
The warriors that fell still exclaim from their
graves,
" Britannia reign ever the Queen of the Waves."

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

THE TOAST.

ADDRESSED TO THE LITTLE CIRCLE OF MY
FRIENDS.

THE glasses fill'd, a truce to care,
Misfortune at our heels attends;
A toast? I have but one, I swear,—
"The little circle of our friends."

And who is he that sighing takes
The glass, while thought its anguish lends?
He thinks what havoc sorrow makes
In the small circle of his friends.

Estrang'd from home, with tearful eyes,
Who o'er his glass in absence bends?
With aching heart he trembling cries,
"The little circle of my friends."

And who the toast in sadness hears,
While grief his heart in silence rends?
The glass receives his bitter tears,
For ~~he~~ no circle has of friends.

And who, in life's sad knowledge vers'd,
Declines the glass which temp'rance tends?
He thinks how death has long dispers'd
The little circle of his friends.

Oh! rather be this heart entomb'd
Untimely, where its sorrow ends;
Than in this world of care be doom'd
To beat the last of all its friends.

Then D—— let the bottle sink
As round our little sphere it winds;
Come fill, for I will deeply drink,
"The dear small circle of my friends."

Wolverhampton. Q IN THE CORNER.

THE ROSE.

ON EMMA's fair bosom a Rose in full blossom
Expanded its beauties and borrow'd fresh
charm,
The lilies contrasted spread soft bloom upon
them,
And dwelt amidst mountains of snow free
from harm.

Its beauties, though brilliant, in vain strove to
heighten,
Or the fair faultless features of Emma improve,
The soft spotless bosom it dwelt with delight in,
Is sacred to virtue, to friendship, and love.

At morning it bloomed on her beautiful bosom,
With envy repining 'twas drooping at noon:
At ev'ning it died 'midst the sweets it reclin'd on,
And found on her bosom an enviable tomb.
Kingsland. J. M.

TO MY NIGHT CAP.

How oft with satisfaction's smile,
When tir'd with wand'ring a mile,
I've welcom'd thee with pleasure;
And when fatigued with life's rough storm,
Thy friendly solace oft would warm,
And prove a poet's treasure.

Thy form shall clasp my aching head,
When anguish hovers round my bed,
And bid my sorrows slumber;
But virtue must preside within,
For sleep avoids the sour, where sin
The conscience doth encumber.

It matters not of what thou'rt made,
Of humble yarn, or rich brocade,
If peace the mind possesses;
For vice on down shall not be blest,
But virtue sink to sweetest rest,
Though straw alone it presses.
August 2, 1806. J. M. L.

ON LOVE.

LET no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow;
Ah no! the love that kills indeed
Dispatches at a blow.

The spark which but by slow degrees
Is nursed into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please;
But Love is not its name.

For love to be completely true,
It death at sight should deal;
Should be the first one ever knew,
In short, be that I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,
For years to play the fool;
'Tis to put passion out to nurse,
And send one's heart to school.

Love, all at once, should from the earth
Start up full grown and tall;
If not an Adam at his birth,
He is no Love at all.

OTIUM DIVOSQUE.

WHEN jolly Jack afar is bound
Some hundred leagues from British ground,
His course rude Boreas stopping;
He looks askew at low'ring skies,
Thinks of his Sally's sparkling eyes,
And longs for ease and Wapping.

In London, Negro Beggars pine
For ease in huts beneath the line,
Remote from beadles sturdy;
The poor Savoyard, doom'd to roam
In search of halfpence, sighs for home,
And spins his hurdy gurdy.

Ease loves to live with shepherd swains,
Nor in the lowly cot disdains
To share an humble dinner—
But would not for a turtle treat,
Sit with a miser or a cheat,
Or canker'd party-sinner.

Care's an obtrusive craz'd physician
Who visits folks of high condition,
And doses them with bitters;
Claps causticks on the tend'rest sores,
And won't be turn'd from great men's doors
By footmen or beef-eaters.

Some to avoid this frantic pest,
Sail to the North, South, East, or West—
Alas! Care travels brisker;
Light as a squirrel he can skip
On board an eighty-four gun ship,
And tweak an admiral's whisker!

The lamp of life is soon burnt out,
Then who'd for riches make a rout,
Except a doating blockhead;—
When Charon takes 'em both on board,
Of equal worth's the miser's hoard,
And poet's empty pocket.

THE FLATTING MILL,

AN ILLUSTRATION,

*Written by William Cowper, Esq. (not inserted
in his Work.)*

WHEN a bar of pure silver, or ingot of gold
Is sent to be flatten'd or wrought into length,
It is pass'd into cylinders often, and roll'd
In an engine of utmost mechanical strength.

Thus tortur'd and squeez'd, at last it appears
Like a loose heap of ribbon, a glittering show;
Like music it tinkles, and rings in your ears,
And warm'd by the pressure is all in a glow.

This process achiev'd, it is doom'd to sustain
The thump after thump of gold-beater's
mallet;
And at last is of service in sickness or pain,
To cover a pill for a delicate palate.

Alas! for a poet who dares undertake
To urge reformation of national ill!
His head and his heart are both likely to ache,
With the double employment of mallet and
mill.

If he wish to instruct, he must learn to delight,
Smooth, ductile and even, his fancy must flow,
Must tinkle and glitter like gold to the sight,
And catch in its progress a sensible glow.

After all he must beat it as thin and as fine
As the leaf that enfolds what the invalid swal-
lows,
For truth is unwelcome, however divine,
And unless he adorn it, a nausea follows.

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the
world,
"A heart that is humble might hope for it
here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd
around,
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the wood-pecker tapping the hollow beach
tree.

And "Here, in this lone little wood," I ex-
claim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
"Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep
when I blam'd,
"How blest could I live, and how calm could
I die!

"By the side of yon sumach, whose red berry
dipp'd
"In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to
recline,
"And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
"Which had never been sigh'd on by any
but mine!"

TRANSLATION OF THE BASIA OF
CATULLUS.

My Lesbia, let us live and love,
Nor heed the frowns of dull cold age;
Leave fortune to the Powers above,
And wisdom to the frosty sage.

Yon Sun, that shines so lovely now,
Shall sink into the Western Sea,
But soon, with bright unclouded brow,
Again shall gild each flow'r, each tree.

But we, alas! when murky night
Has spread her dark wings o'er our day,
No more to rise—far from our sight
Receding pleasures flit away.

Give me again that melting kiss;
 Give, oh give, ten thousand more.—
 Now, now, repeat the balmy bliss—
 Now kiss me swifter than before:
 And when the power of numb'ring's gone,
 Each honied kiss we will recal,
 And tell the envious, when they're flown,
 A little precious kiss—was all.

ANSWER

TO A SONG OF ANACREON MOORE,

By Miss Owenson.

Oh! should I fly from the world, love, to thee,
 Would solitude render me dearer?
 Would our flight from the world draw thee closer
 to me,
 Or render my passion sincerer?
 Would the heart thou hast touch'd more tu-
 multuously beat
 Than when its wild pulse fear'd detection?
 Would the bliss unrestrain'd be more poignantly
 sweet
 Than the bliss snatch'd by timid affection?
 Tho' silence and solitude breath'd all around,
 And each cold law of prudence was banish'd—
 Tho' each wish of my heart and the fancy was
 crown'd,
 We should sigh for those hours that are va-
 nish'd.
 When in secret we suffer'd, in secret were bless'd,
 Lest the many should censure our union;
 And an age of restraint, when oppos'd and op-
 press'd,
 Was repaid by a moment's communion.
 When virtue's pure tear dew'd each love-kindled
 beam,
 It hallow'd the bliss it repented;
 When a penitent sigh breath'd our passions wild
 dream,
 It absolv'd half the fault it lamented;
 And so thrillingly sweet was each pleasure we
 stole,
 In spite of each prudent restriction,
 When the soul unrestrain'd sought its warm
 kindred soul,
 And we laugh'd at the world's interdiction.
 Then fly, oh! my love! to the world back
 with me,
 Since the bliss it denies it enhances;
 Since dearest the transient delight shar'd with thee
 Which is snatch'd from the world's prying
 glances;
 Nor talk thus of death 'till the warm thrill of love
 From each languid breast is retreating;
 Then may the life pulse of each heart cease to
 move
 When love's vital throb has ceas'd beating.

LOVE'S MIRROR.

BY A WIDOWER.

THE Mirror once possess'd by thee,
 I found when thou wert gone,
 And fondly hoped thy face to see—
 But only saw my own.

Though long the faithful glass was used
 To show no form but thine;
 The fickle thing that form refused,
 And still reflected mine.

Aside the treach'rous toy I threw,
 And scorn'd its flattering art;
 Then inward turn'd my eyes to view
 Thy image in my heart.

Aug. 1, 1806.

T. Y.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles had sung, for the night clouds had
 low'd,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the
 sky;

And thousands had sunk on the ground, over-
 power'd,

The weary to sleep and the wounded to die;

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the
 slain,

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And twice, 'ere the cock crew, I dreamt it
 again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 For, far had I stray'd on a desolate track,
 Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
 To the house of my father, that welcom'd me
 back.

I flew to the pleasant field, travers'd so oft
 In life's morning watch, when my bosom was
 young;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-
 reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I
 swore

From my home and my weeping friends never
 to part;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud, in the fullness of
 heart—

“Stay, stay with us, rest—thou art weary and
 worn!”

And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
 But sorrow return'd at the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted
 away.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL, loveliest of the stars of Heaven,
Whose soft, yet brilliant beams display
The mildness of advancing Even,
The splendour of retiring Day!

Star of delight! the rosy sky
Sheds tears of joy for thy return;
Around thy car the Breezes sigh,
Nymphs of thy train, the Planets burn.

All earth is gladdened by thy rays;
And every flower, and shrub, and tree,
Boasts fresher bloom, and grateful pays
A tribute of perfume to thee.

Day for thy partial smile contends;
Night boasts for her thy glories shine;
Before thee tranquil Pleasure bends,
And Beauty whispers, "Thou art mine."

Yes, thou art Beauty's friend and guide;
Conducted by thy means so sweet,
She wanders forth at even-tide,
The chosen of her heart to meet.

All grace she moves—with steps as light
As Rapture's bliss or Fancy's dream;—
More soft her thoughts than dews of night,
More pure than that unwaving stream.

Thy beams disclose the haunt of love,
Conspicuous 'mid the twilight scene;
For Spring its leafy texture wove,
And wedded roses to its green.

Fair Wand'rer of the sunset hour,
Approaching to the ruddy west,
Where fairy forms prepare thy bow'r
With blooms from heavenly gardens drest—

Behold the light that fills her eye,
The flushes o'er her cheeks that move:
Can earth a sight more sweet supply,
Than Loveliness improved by Love?

"Yes far more sweet!" Methinks the while
I hear thy accents whisper low;
"'Tis Beauty with her angel smile
"Inclining o'er the couch of woe."

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

ANACREONTIC.

THE Paphian Boy, my Blooming Fair,
Nestles within this heart of mine;
And feel how warm he trembles there,
Awaken'd by that touch of thine.
Have you not mark'd when infants weep,
As fears their little breasts alarm,
How soon their murmurs sink to sleep,
When folded fast in Beauty's arm?
Love is a child, my girl, you know,
Then take him to thy breast of snow;
And on that Heaven of Beauty blest,
Oh! let him tremble into rest!

B.

SONNET,

TO THE CALDER.

POETIC River! where the Muses walk,
And watch the current gliding 'neath the trees,
Where oft I steal to hear their lovely talk,
And catch the sounds as borne upon the
breeze;—
More dear to me to sit beside thy stream,
Than all the pleasures pride and pow'r enjoy,
For here with Gray, with Watts, with Thom-
son's theme,
I taste the bliss which time can ne'er destroy.
O come, Selina, let us wander here,
Where rosy Health and Friendship oft are seen,
Telling the tale to Truth—to Science dear,
Gazing with rapture on the varied scene.
Let us recal the hour to both our spirits dear,
When on thy dewy cheek I dropt the parting tear.

ACHATES.

IMITATION.

HOR. GEOR. VIII. LIB. 2.

*"Ulla si juris tibi perjerati
"Pana, Burine, &c. &c."*

Yes, would the Gods, with vengeance due,
Thy vainly-plighted faith pursue,
Again I might thy oaths believe,
And, once more trusted, thou deceive.
Could Falsehood rob thee of one grace,
Or oaths plant wrinkles in thy face;
Could Heav'n thy forfeit pledges seek,
Or bleach thy hair, or scar thy cheek.
But, no! derided Gods forbear
To scar thy cheek, or bleach thy hair;
And thou, by some peculiar doom,
More fair, as more forsworn, become!

Proceed, too beauteous to be true,
Thy vows still break, and still renew;
In peerless charms while thus you shine,
This bright prerogative is thine.

Let pedants, with their saws uncouth,
And vulgar charms, delight in truth;
'Tis to thy brighter beauty due,
A very debt—to be untrue.

ANACREONTIC.

COME reach me old Anacreon's lyre,
For wintry snows are lowering near,
And soon shall chill th' autumnal fire
That gleams on life's declining year.

Then let me wake the rapturous shell,
With chords of sweet remembrance stung;
While grateful age delights to tell
Of joys that glow'd when life was young.

And, lest the languid pulse forego
The throb that Fancy's flight inspires,
Anacreon's flowing cup bestow,
And urge with wine the waning fires.

But temper me the Teian bowl!
And chasten me the Teian shell!
The visions that in memory roll
Are such as Nature's bosom swell.

Yet, Nature! thine the votive string,
To no polluted ear address;
That of no blooming boys can sing,
But boys that hang on Beauty's breast.

Nor lawless thro' the realms of love,
Where native Venus lights the way,
Shall yet excursive Fancy rove,
Inebriate with the wanton lay.

If, while the mantling goblet flows,
I sing of Beauty's charms divine;—
The breast that heaves, the cheek that glows,
And beaming eyes, like stars that shine;—

The draft on Memory's tablet true
That pictures each entrancing grace,
Without a frown shall Stella view,
Or there some lov'd memorial trace.

And when with high-enraptur'd air
My lavish verse shall most commend,
She'll find her youthful image there,
Or in each portrait own a friend.

Then reach me old Anacreon's lyre,
And temper me Anacreon's bowl;
That youthful joy's remember'd fire
May Age's numbing frost controul.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

Oh! thou, the Nymph of soul serene,
With tranquil look and placid mien
In fortune's adverse day;
Who calmly sit'st amid the storm
That bursts around thy angel-form,
Nor murmur'st at its sway:

Full many a heart, by sorrow try'd,
Has felt the balm thy hand supply'd
To ease the wretch's woes,
As resignation lifts on high,
Not vainly rais'd, the trusting eye,
And soothes him to repose.

Methinks I see thee, even now,
With hands compos'd and halcyon brow,
While, watchful, near thee stand
(Undaunted thou beholdst them wait)
The vengeful Ministers of Fate,
A dreadful, num'rous band!

Therestern Misfortune sullen low'rs,
And chills the heavy passing hours,
Mad anguish writhing nigh;
And weeping Misery, and Scorn,
And wretched Poverty forlorn,
Their diff'rent efforts try!

There curst Ingratitude, and, lo!
Base Falsehood, aiming oft the blow
In Friendship's specious guise,
Whose hell-born art can none avoid,
By sad experience fully tried,
The guarded, nor the wise!

Tho' ne'er invoked before, thy aid
Refuse not thou, propitious Maid!
This warmly-votive hour!
A suppliant at thy shrine, decreed
By many a cruel wrong to bleed,
Implores thy gentle pow'r.

With pious Hope, thy sister-friend,
Oh! hither come, thy succour lend
To quell this anxious strife;
And teach me, Maid, with humble thought,
And breast with conscious virtue fraught,
To bear the ills of life.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

On thee, blest youth! a father's hand confers
The Maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew:
Each soft enchantment of the soul is her's;
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves, with hesitating grace,
She wins assurance from his soothing voice;
And, with a look the pencil could not trace,
Smiles through her blushes, and confirms the
choice.

Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame!
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears!
To thee she turns with surest, tend'rest claim;
Weakness that charms, reluctance that en-
dears!

At each response the sacred rite requires,
From her full bosom bursts th' unbidden sigh:
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires;
And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play!
What lights and shades in sweet confusion
blend!
Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,
And settled sunshine on her soul descend!

Ah! soon, thine own confest, extatic thought!
That hand shall strew each flinty path with
flow'rs;
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,
Gild the calm current of domestic hours!

THE TOMB OF MY FATHERS.

SUBDUED by misfortunes, and bowed down with
pain,
I sought on the bosom of peace to recline:
I hie'd to the Home of my Fathers again,
But the Home of my Fathers no longer was
mine.

The look that spoke gladness and welcome, was
gone;
The blaze that shone bright in the hall was no
more.
A stranger was there with a bosom of stone,
And cold was his eyes as I entered his door.

'Twas his, deaf to pity, to tenderness dead,
The falling to crush, and the humble to spurn:
But I staid not his scorn,—from his mansion I
fled,
And my beating heart vow'd never more to
return.

What Home shall receive me! One Home yet I
know;
O'er its gloomy recess, see the pine branches
wave!

'Tis the Tomb of my Fathers! The world is my foe,
And all my inheritance now is a grave.

'Tis the Tomb of my Fathers! The grey moist-
ened walls,
Declining to earth, speak aloud of decay:
The gate, off its hinge, and half-opening, calls,
"Approach most unhappy, thy dwelling of
clay!"

Alas, thou soledwelling of all I hold dear,
How little this meeting onceaugured my breast!
From a wanderer accept, oh my Fathers, this tear,
Receive him, the last of his race, to your rest.

LUBIN AND ANNA.

All silver'd o'er with morning dew,
 While yet the flow'ry low-lands lay;
 And hills, just tip'd with golden hue,
 Confess'd the rising beam of day;
 Sad Lubin left his sleepless home,
 Along the misty rill to roam;
 And, where the willows arching hung,
 Of Anna, faithless Anna, sung.

"Ah! me," he cry'd, "unhappy swain!
 "Who fancy'd Anna's vows sincere;
 "To Thenot's flocks and hoarded grain,
 "She yields the heart to me so dear.
 "His are her smiles, her tender talk,
 "She shares with him the ev'ning walk;
 "While I, fond fool! at distance pine
 "For Anna, now no longer mine."

Just then awak'd from troubled rest,
 Poor Anna rose, to grief a prey;
 And all with anxious cares oppress'd,
 Bent to the willowy rill her way:
 There breath'd the sigh of tender woe,
 There pour'd the tear, Love taught to flow;
 And, on the banks all wildly flung,
 Of Lubin, faithless Lubin, sung,

"Alas;" the soft complainer cries,
 "Why did I Lubin's vows believe?—
 "Why trust his looks,—his mournful sighs,—
 "Intended only to deceive?
 "Some richer maid he now pursues,
 "Perhaps some fairer rival woos;
 "While, teaz'd with Thenot's suit, I pine,
 "For Lubin's now no longer mine."

Not half so sweet the morning lay
 Of larks, who high in ether float;
 Not half so sweet, at close of day,
 Fond Philomela's warbled note,
 As Anna's piteous plaints appear
 To Lubin, slyly list'ning near;
 Unseen by her, whose fault'ring tongue
 Of Lubin, faithless Lubin sung.

"Ah! me," he cry'd, "thrice happy swain,
 "To find my Anna's vows sincere;
 "That neither flocks, nor hoarded grain,
 "Could win her heart from me so dear!
 "Mine now 'twill be with her to talk,
 "To share alone her ev'ning walk;
 "While Thenot shall at distance pine,
 "To see my Anna ever mine!"

Now through the embow'ring boughs he prest,
 Where, drown'd in grief, the mourner lay;
 And clasp'd her fondly to his breast,
 And kiss'd the trickling tears away.

THE EVE OF HYMEN.

'Tis night, and my Delia now hastens to rest;
 Rapt into sweet visions, I wander alone;
 Love soothes the fond wishes that glow in my
 breast,
 With transports to Wealth, and to Grandeur
 unknown.

Soft, soft be thy slumbers, dear, innocent Fair!
 Descend smiling Peace on my bosom's delight,
 Hope sheds her pure beams on each long-
 nourish'd care,
 As day brightly dawns on the shadows of night.

Reclin'd on her pillow, now mute is that voice
 Whose sounds my affection insensibly stole;
 And clos'd are those eyes, in whose beams I re-
 joice;
 And veil'd are those lips, which enrapture my
 soul:
 Conceal'd are those cheeks, where luxuriantly
 glow

The tenderest graces of beauty and youth;
 And hidden from me is that bosom of snow,
 The mansion of Purity, Virtue, and Truth.

She's absent:—yet, lovely and graceful to view,
 Kind Fancy restores the fair pride of my heart:
 Spring calls forth the verdure of nature anew,
 Her smiles to the seasons new glory impart.
 No longer soft sorrow my verse shall inspire;
 Despondence has clouded my spirits too long;
 In extacy sweeping the soul-breathing lyre,
 Love, Hymen, and Delia awaken my song.

W.

LOVE, A CHILD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BOUFFLERS.

My mother, dear good creature, says
 That Love, with all his coaxing ways,
 Is fierce as any ferret;
 But Lord, she'll never prove to me
 That such a little child as he,
 Can hurt a girl of spirit.

I'm sure, the ev'ning before last,
 The choicest, sweetest whispers pass'd
 Between—but that's no matter:
 I know, I thought Love very charming,
 And not by any means alarming,
 For all my mother's clatter.

However, just to ease my mind,
 (Though we must keep my mother blind)
 I'll search for Love with Thomas;
 For even if her fears are true,
 An infant is no match for two;
 He'd meet with something from us.